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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE fate of the Russian alliance is still undecided. Mr. Chamberlain's policy, the refusal of Russia's first offers and Britain's long boggling at acceptance of the proposal for a Franco-British-Russian alliance have intensified Stalin's suspicions and further delayed the pact at the moment when it is most needed. History records no stranger piece of diplomacy than the overnight change of Mr. Chamberlain to a nominal acceptance of collective security, taking the form not of an alliance between the Powers which would give security, but of unilateral guarantees to the weaker States, while the State which alone gave those guarantees reality was excluded. Pressure finally pushed the Government into accepting the principle that Britain and Russia would fight for each other; by that time much of the deterrent value of the alliance was gone, and Russia, now utterly distrustful, wanted guarantees of help in the event of direct or indirect aggression on the Baltic States. Britain finally agreed to a "secret list" of countries thus guaranteed (there is in fact nothing secret about the list), which included the Baltic States in the East and Belgium in the West. Britain naturally asked for the inclusion of Holland and Switzerland also. Russia, believing that Britain could no longer get out of the alliance, has replied, not with the rejection of this proposal, but with a demand for further security in the East before accepting the addition of these two countries in the West. Stalin asks that Poland and Turkey should make mutual assistance pacts with Russia, urging no doubt that Turkey would be ready if she is convinced that a genuine peace bloc exists, while Poland can be persuaded by Britain to accept this alliance the more easily at a time when she is negotiating credits in London. At so critical a moment this bargaining seems at first perverse; if Britain and Russia are prepared to fight on the same side, Russia will be involved, as surely and to the same extent, whether Germany attacks the West through Switzerland or through Belgium. The explanation is that neither side has the least confidence in the other. In Britain those who wish to bring pressure on Poland to give up Danzig think it will be easier to accomplish without a Russian alliance.

The Appeal to Germany

Lord Halifax's speech was a well-phrased effort to convince Germany of the reality of Britain's guarantee, and the National Council of Labour did a fine piece of work in putting forward an appeal to the German workers under the heading *Why Should We Kill Each Other?* Unfortunately, the democratic Powers have now got themselves into a position in which the propaganda to counter Goebbels' encirclement talk is peculiarly difficult. If the League had not been destroyed, or even if the peace bloc had been formed with Russia in it and America in sympathetic harmony three months ago, the certainty of resistance would have been clear and concessions without surrender would have been possible. Moreover, the democratic countries would have been more convincing as defenders of justice and liberty. As it is, every German who is not fully informed (and Goebbels sees that few are), will be easily convinced that we and not Germany are the aggressors. For, as the pattern stands to-day, the Poles may decide to take action in Danzig to save their independence, while Britain and France would have to begin the attack in the West. Such are the fruits of a long policy of lawless selfishness.

Poland Watches—And Waits

Reports (emanating from Germany) that Germany intended to stage a *coup* in Danzig on July 1st were, we are convinced, only part of the " war of nerves." Hitler will not risk war while he still hopes to achieve success without it. The idea is to undermine the morale of the Poles or perhaps to lure the Poles into a false step. The Poles are too canny. In Danzig, whose Senate has now calmly repudiated its British and American loan obligations, military preparations go forward with little disguise. The number of men under arms in the city—partly local gendarmerie, partly S.S. troops drafted in from the Reich—is now put at over 10,000; and there have been landings of light tanks, as well as artillery and machine guns. M. Chodacki, the Polish Commissioner, visited Warsaw last week-end. It was reported at first that he would take back to Danzig a strongly worded Note protesting against the militarisation of the city. Such a Note appears to have been drafted, but it has not yet been delivered. Instead, it is suggested, there may be a Three-Power *démarche* signed jointly by the British, French and Polish Governments, in due course.

Disastrous Prevarication

Meanwhile the Polish Trade Delegation which arrived in this country a fortnight ago has waited, with a polite appearance of patience, on the Treasury doorstep seeking vainly the large armament credits Poland needs. Has the Treasury been influenced by Lord Beaverbrook's isolationist campaign against credits to foreigners? More probably it is perturbed by the flight of gold to America and is anxious to conserve our war materials for our own use. If this is so, its reasoning is no better than that of the *Daily Express*. Poland has three million men, but it is common knowledge that their equipment is neither modern nor sufficient. Now that we have guaranteed Poland against attack, it seems crazy to grudge her those armaments to-day which we should certainly send her on the outbreak of war. Our niggardly attitude both here and in the case of Rumania is yet another of those symptoms which foster the belief in Germany that we are not prepared to fight. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming Bill to enlarge substantially Export Credit powers means that Polish demands will be more liberally met. But do powers to give credits mean that credits will be given?

Tokio and Tientsin

The conference at Tokio still hangs fire; its opening is likely to be delayed for several days, it is said, till the military representatives from Tientsin have arrived. Meanwhile the Japanese public is occupied with reports of a big battle on the Manchukuo frontier against the Outer Mongolian and Soviet forces. So far as our own trouble is concerned, there is no relaxation of the blockade at Tientsin. Food and milk supplies are still being held up, and there have been further interferences with British subjects. Nor is there any present sign that the leopard is preparing to change its spots at Tokio. The demand has been plainly voiced by the Army leaders—and echoed in only slightly softer tones by their civilian colleagues in the Government—that Great Britain shall " co-operate " with Japan in establishing the " new order in the East." What that means at this stage (without prejudice, of course, to further demands later as and when the occasion serves) is that we shall abandon our support of the Chinese dollar and help Japan to force her new paper into circulation. Questioned on this matter in the House on Tuesday, Sir John Simon declared that " stability of the Chinese currency is of great importance from the point of view of British interests and of the interests of other countries." Sir John has seldom been known to speak in categorical terms, but our impression is that on this question the Government knows it cannot yield to the Japanese demand, if only because of the disastrous effect such a step would have in the United States.

A New Deal for the Tirolese

Among the more notorious brutalities of the Fascist régime was its treatment of the Austrian minority in the South Tirol which was handed to Italy by the Treaty of St. Germain in 1919. These unhappy people were subjected in the process of " Italianisation " to a persistent bullying and suppression of liberties. Helpless to resist, they have lived in hope of one day being rescued and reunited to Austria. In Hitler's early days many of them no doubt saw him as their saviour; but last year to their dismay they heard him assuring Mussolini that the treaty frontier was a natural and inevitable boundary between Germany and Italy. Now, it appears, the ingenuity of the two Dictators has found a way out. The scheme which is under discussion will provide, it is reported, for the " voluntary migration " to the Reich of the German-speaking inhabitants of Italian Tirol. If this works according to plan, Italy will be rid of 200,000 or so disaffected citizens, while Germany will gain by a corresponding increase of her population—and her labour force. But the Tirolese may be a good deal less happy about this bargain which treats them as political pawns. Many of them may question the advantage of being transferred from King Log to King Stork. And, though it is said that 5,000 or 6,000 have already crossed the frontier of their own free will, the great majority, we believe, are deeply attached to the land of their birth and their farms. It will be interesting to see how much pressure will be required or attempted to enforce a wholesale evacuation.

The Ministry of Supply

The Ministry of Supply Bill reached the House of Lords on Tuesday, and was there subjected to a barrage of criticism from peers who saw in it the thin end of the wedge of Socialism. Lord Gainford and other industrialist noble lords took strong objection to the powers given to the Government under the Bill to undertake the production of any articles required for the public service, and demanded that these powers should be strictly limited to a temporary period of emergency. Lord Swinton and other peers supported Lord Gainford's objections, and the Marquess of Zetland, speaking for the Government, agreed further to consider the question with a view to a reassuring statement in the Report stage. Despite these critics, it is urgent not only that the Bill shall be passed into law at the earliest possible moment, but also that action shall be promptly taken under it both to safeguard production for export, which is otherwise in danger of suffering seriously under the joint pressure of Government orders and home demand, and to make use of every available ton of shipping space for bringing materials and foodstuffs to this country for storage in advance of an actual emergency. It is plain common sense to do this; for as Sir Arthur Salter and others have been pointing out, the two greatest dangers confronting this country in the event of war are a shortage of shipping space for the carriage of essential goods, and a shortage of foreign exchange for buying them in the most convenient markets. The occurrence of an actual crisis would both make transport and purchase very much more difficult and inevitably force up the prices of essential commodities. Accordingly, we have everything to gain and nothing to lose by transporting and storing immediately upon the largest scale that the available resources of British and foreign shipping will allow. Meanwhile the new Air Defence League Bulletin properly urges that the private citizen would do well to get in a store of non-perishable food. In war time itself to store food is anti-social; before a war it is sensible because, under a system of private enterprise, it increases the amount of food entering the country. But the Government should not leave it to the individual.

Treasury Flood-Gates

The strength of the motive-power behind the "multiplier" now at work on industrial activity and employment is revealed by the Exchequer returns for the first quarter of the fiscal year. The Treasury flood-gates are wide open; defence expenditure in the three months amounted to £124 millions, as compared with £66 millions a year ago, and total outgoings were £296 millions. Thanks mainly to larger Customs receipts, there was a gain of £12 millions in revenue; but, even so, the quarter's deficit was £152 millions—half as large again as the gap at this time last year. This is "pump-priming" with a vengeance; yet it is doubtful whether the peak of rearmament expenditure has yet been reached. In both 1937 and 1938 defence outgoings in the fourth quarter were nearly twice as big as in the first quarter of the Exchequer year. If the trend, as seems likely, is repeated in 1939, Sir John Simon will be faced with an ultimate deficit of much more than £400 millions, and conditions of "full employment" will have been reached long before winter.

Unemployment

There was a further fall of nearly 143,000 last month in the numbers unemployed in the insured trades, making a fall of over 450,000 in the course of the past year. Allowing for new entrants, these figures represent an increase of approximately 600,000 in the total numbers employed. But, despite the stimulus of further armament orders, the total of registered unemployed still stands at 1,350,000, of whom well over a quarter of a million have been out of work continuously for more than a year. The recent improvement in employment is fairly well spread over the different regions, and has also affected the great majority of industries: it is by no means concentrated upon industries directly affected by armament orders. Indeed, by far the largest improvement over the past year has been in the cotton industry, which has reduced its unemployment roll by 87,000, as against 28,000 for iron and steel, and less than 17,000 for engineering. These figures point to the importance of the general stimulus given to industrial activity by the spending of Government money, and also to the substantial improvement in the condition of overseas trade. Nevertheless, it remains true that unemployment in certain depressed areas has been very little affected, and that South Wales in particular remains in a bad way, despite the stimulus of rearmament. The broad conclusion is that, if the Government means business in mobilising national economic resources, more active measures for localising new industries in depressed areas are urgently needed; in particular active steps ought to be taken to encourage refugees to establish themselves with a nucleus of skilled refugee labour in these areas, with a view to the development in this country of new types of production for export which could be of great value in increasing our supply of foreign exchange in the event of war.

Hospitals and War Casualties

Having abandoned the voluntary principle in recruitment, the Government still appears to be determined on its retention in relation to a vital branch of passive defence—the evacuation and treatment of London's civilian casualties in the event of air attack. The result, so far, is chaos. The voluntary hospitals in the metropolis are asked to function as clearing centres and to link up with hospitals in the country in the organisation of supplies and personnel. On paper, the plan is excellent. But who is to provide transport, accommodation or salaries for medical and lay staffs drafted into the country? On what basis are the voluntary hospitals to be compensated for the considerable outlays they are expected to incur in preparation for an emergency which may or may not happen? The London hospital chairmen interviewed the Minister of Health on Tuesday and pressed for the appointment by the Government of a regional director, charged with the co-ordination of London's war-time casualty schemes and armed with authority to sanction financial arrangements. Failing some such organisation the scheme seems likely to remain on paper only.

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HITLER'S WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH

FOR six years the Nazis have been making war. Their opponents first of all greeted them as friends, then tried while the war was raging to preserve peace, and are now debating whether they are at war or not. At long last this country, in spite of the speeches and actions of its Government, is beginning to realise how things really stand. But six years of falsehoods and misunderstandings cannot be dispelled in a day, and there still persist a host of tragic illusions about Nazi Germany. There are the simple patriots who believe that we have only to make up our minds to swipe the Germans and they will be swiped; and, on the other hand, there is the defeatism which poisons well-informed circles with stories of a harmonious German nation welded into an irresistible fighting force by its superhuman rulers, and whispers that another Munich is inevitable. The rarest thing is to find that calm and objective assessment of Hitler's strength and weakness which is the only basis for a consistent policy.

And yet the facts are there for all who have eyes to see them. In the speeches of Hitler and other leading Nazis, in Goebbels' memoirs, in reliable reports smuggled out from Germany, the character, objectives and methods of the Nazis are clearly described. The most interesting addition to this body of evidence now available to the British public is supplied by Dr. Rauschning, the ex-Nazi President of the Danzig Senate, who was forced to fly for his life when he criticised the policy which he saw to be leading to the ruin of Germany.* The Nazis volunteer plenty of evidence. No assassin has so insolently warned his victims of their coming fate and of the manner of its coming as Herr Hitler, for no one before him has seen that a bare avowal of aggression is sufficient to disarm the enemy.

The secret of Hitler's technique is his understanding of the *ancien régime*. It was his intuition that the army, the Trade Unions, the industrialists, would all fail to stand firm when the crisis came that made him say, "there is no risk in this revolution because there will be no resistance." His supreme self-confidence hypnotised his opponents into a fantastic under-estimation of their own strength and an equally fantastic over-estimation of that of the Nazis. Hitler is Reichskanzler to-day not because he gathered an army strong enough to overthrow the *ancien régime*, but because he persuaded the overwhelming forces arrayed against him that resistance to his puny Brown Shirts was impossible.

In foreign affairs he has used the same technique. All his conquests are due not to his own strength, but to the defeatism which he has induced in the democracies. Piercing the smoke screen of covenants and pacts, his eye measures with meticulous exactness the *will to resistance*, and he argues that there is no will to resistance which is not also a *will to victory*. Such a will he found in Spain and Czechoslovakia, and defeated them only by the treachery of their friends; but he did not find it among those well-bred people who control the destiny of France and Britain. There he saw uncertainty, lassitude, the creeping paralysis of old age, and he concluded, whether rightly or wrongly, that he had nothing to fear from these *anciens régimes*. He judges men and nations by actions, not by words, and he believes that even if the bloodless war of to-day is transformed into a war of armies, the Governments of Britain and France will not fight for long. They may attempt to resist him, but they lack the will to win. They are too civilised.

But meanwhile what of Germany herself? The Brown Shirts by the strength of an idea conquered a State whose physical force could have annihilated them. The regeneration and unification of the German peoples was no empty phrase, but the inspiration of those columns of young men who would march to hell, if Hitler gave the word. In those early years of the revolution, Hitler was the incarnation of the German people, the demon which possessed them and inspired them to the titanic struggle of German rearmament. But with the passage of time and with the extension of Nazi ambitions beyond the boundaries of the *Volksgemeinschaft*, the inspiration has gone. The party of Gregor Strasser and Röhm, which once spoke with and for the people, has become a monstrous, corrupt and confused bureaucracy, crushing the spirit of the masses and destroying all independence and initiative. In proportion as German industry by increasing the hours and tempo of work increases the weight of Germany's physical armaments, it destroys the will to power which was Hitler's only real strength. In proportion as the Nazi empire absorbs non-German peoples, it destroys the nation's unity and arouses that separatism which has been the nightmare of German statesmen. The German people to-day is neither enthusiastic for Hitler nor enthusiastic against him. It is too tired for enthusiasm, a cowed and subject race, its middle-class proletarianised, its workers lethargic; and the gap which separates the ruler and the ruled grows greater month by month. With each apparent access of strength, the Brown Colossus groans under increasing strains, and the defeatism which it first engendered in its opponents spreads like a fungus over its own pedestal.

But is not this an argument for a policy of "wait and see"? Such a question displays a deadly ignorance both of the Nazis and ourselves. It is precisely the policy of "wait and see," the mixture of conciliation and threats, the palsied hesitation and half-measures, which have sapped our own strength and enabled Hitler to survive so long. If Germany grows progressively weaker by each victory, the democracies, in spite of rearmament, grow progressively more defeatist by each defeat, so that even a weakened Germany can always pull off the next coup. Conciliation plus mild defiance is the drug which prolongs Nazi life and destroys our own. The law of progressive inertia affects not only Germany, but the old and tired men who govern the rest of Europe.

Nothing but wilful blindness can lead anyone to suppose that Lord Halifax's speech, unimpeachable as it was, has convinced Hitler that Britain is not the Britain of last September. He has his own sources of information, and they have not yet been proved wrong. He has seen the yes-men of appeasement installed in commanding positions and, to take but one instance, he knows better than the British public that, if Sir Horace Wilson has been moved to the Treasury, he still uses his private line to No. 10. A Ministry of Information under Lord Perth, of Supply under Mr. Burgin, seem to him better indications of the British position than any speech. A Cabinet from which every prominent anti-Fascist in the Tory party is excluded may well be in his eyes a risk worth taking. Has he not himself given very precise warning about the political results of including Messrs. Churchill, Eden and Duff Cooper in the Cabinet? As long as Mr. Chamberlain appears to follow those instructions, Hitler will be confident that Poland can be finished without a war. The Nazi Colossus does not stand on its own feet of clay. It owes much to the men who, whether inside or outside the Cabinet, control Britain and France. Like Goethe's Mephisto, the Nazis consider politeness a lie and conciliatory gestures a sign of surrender. From his own experience and the history of past revolutions, Hitler has concluded that only those will resist him who take the initiative in thwarting him.

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* *Germany's Revolution of Destruction*, by Hermann Rauschning. (Heinemann 10s. 6d.)

Correspondents tell us not to criticise the pilot when the ship of State is near the rocks. But if under his blindness and ignorance shipwreck seems inevitable, desperate expedients must be tried. It is terribly late, but not necessarily too late. The British people are not weakened by the failure of their leaders. While the vitality of Germany has been drained by years of bondage, we still possess vast reserves of energy and courage. If that energy and courage can be released in time, the war may yet be avoided. Whether for peace or war, we have a potential strength immeasurably greater than theirs. But so long as that strength is disguised by the well-meaning inertia and kindly futility of our present masters, Hitler and his policy will endure. And while they endure there will be no peace.

SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR

ON July 7th, 1937, Japan staged an incident at the Marco Polo Bridge near Peiping, hoping to be able to detach the five Northern Provinces of China with as little trouble as she had seized Manchuria six years before. Ten days later at Kuling Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek announced that China had "reached the limits of endurance" and would this time resist Japanese aggression.

To-day Japan's forces are involved along the entire Chinese coast and far into the interior; she has won many battles and taken all the great cities of the coastal plains, but she has not even conquered the parts of China she has occupied. Chinese unity has held to a degree which has astonished even her friends; Chinese soldiers have stood up against Japan's superior armaments with amazing courage, and Japan has failed in each successive campaign to surround and annihilate the Chinese army. Behind the Japanese points of advance large Chinese forces employing guerrilla tactics prevent Japan getting a profit out of the large territory she claims to have occupied. The accompanying map shows how small a part of China is under effective Japanese control. The war, in the Chinese view, has now entered upon the second of the three stages of the strategical plan envisaged by Chiang Kai-shek.

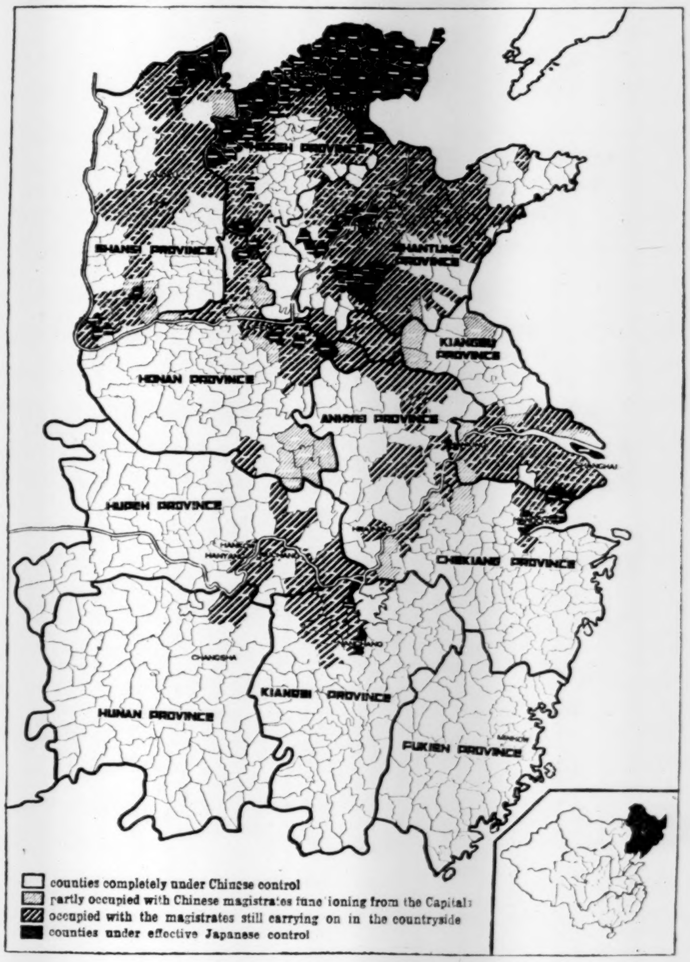
First, a stage of positional defensive warfare by large concentrations of troops making the capture of important cities as costly to Japan as possible, with the main Chinese army always withdrawing in good order when further defence became impracticable. This strategy was designed to lure the Japanese further and further into the interior.

Second, a period of mobile warfare by small Chinese forces operating behind the Japanese points of advance, with the Japanese army held from further rapid advance by the mountainous nature of the terrain and by the resistance of about a third of the Chinese army. Meanwhile intensive training for new recruits and officers and rapid development of communications and resources in the hinterland of China.

This year the ill-equipped and ill-trained partisan forces in the occupied territory have been stiffened, and the effectiveness of their operations greatly increased, by regular army units which make their way in with comparative ease through Japan's thin lines. Small Japanese garrisons have been attacked and some minor cities regained by these guerrilla forces; regular traffic on the railways has been so impeded that Japan cannot pacify the occupied territory. She has to maintain a very large army in China (conservatively estimated at 900,000 men), but she cannot cover the expenses of occupation.

The third and final stage of the war, as the Chinese see it, is to be a counter-offensive to start when Japan is morally and economically exhausted, and when new officers shall have been trained for the Chinese army, and a new Chinese air force created. This last stage is not expected to begin for a year or two, by which time China hopes to secure real aid from the Western Powers and to have built roads and railways to enable arms to be imported in large quantities by her back door. Foreign aid is thought to be more likely to be forthcoming in the future because, as Chiang Kai-shek observed after the fall of Hankow, henceforth any effective action taken by Japan would bear more heavily on the interests of other nations than on China's. Of the truth of this prophecy we are now experiencing signal proof at Tientsin.

JAPAN'S SLENDER GRIP ON CHINA


HOPEH PROVINCE
SHANSI PROVINCE
SHANTUNG PROVINCE
KIANGSU PROVINCE
HONAN PROVINCE
ANHWEI PROVINCE
SHANGHAI
HUPEH PROVINCE
HANKOW
HANYANG
WUCHANG
CHEKIANG PROVINCE
NANCHANG
CHANGSHA
KIANGSI PROVINCE
HUNAN PROVINCE
FUKIEN PROVINCE
MINHOW
☐ counties completely under Chinese control
░ partly occupied with Chinese magistrates functioning from the Capital
▨ occupied with the magistrates still carrying on in the countryside
■ counties under effective Japanese control

Map by *Far Eastern Service*

In the present, second, stage of the war far more attention has to be paid by China to what is termed mobilisation of the people. This in effect means organising and training the mass of the people to assist the mobile forces, and arousing them to a pitch of national consciousness which will frustrate all Japan's terroristic measures to subdue the countryside. Only by pursuing some such social policy as that of the Eighth Route (ex-Red) Army in the north-west, or that of the Kwangsi generals in their south-west province, can the mobilisation of the people become a reality. As yet there are no clear indications of a determination on Chiang Kai-shek's part to force through the necessary agrarian and administrative reforms in unoccupied China. But in the occupied territories, where the guerrilla forces are frequently led or inspired by the Chinese Communists or by their liberal allies, mobilisation of the people is becoming more and more general. American correspondents, and at least one American officer, have testified to the excellent administrations established by the large partisan forces operating within 50 miles of Peiping and in other parts of North China, and are witness to the fact that the Chinese guerrillas control more territory than the Japanese army. There is also evidence that these local administrations have won the wholehearted support not only of the peasants, whose rents they have reduced, but even of the remaining landowners and gentry who consider lower rents and interest rates a lesser evil than the massacre, rape and looting of the Japanese soldiers.

Chinese unity, and the supplies of the mobile forces in occupied territory, owe much to the maintenance of the Chinese currency as the medium of exchange all over China. It is in this sphere that Britain and the United States have given real aid to China. The fact that such aid has been given entirely with a view to preserving their own trade and investments does not lessen its importance in maintaining Chinese resistance.

The war has now entered on a stage where economic staying power is likely to decide its issue, and when the currency war in China assumes paramount importance. The time has come when Britain in particular cannot continue to be " neutral " and still preserve her trade and investments. If we betray China in the present negotiations in Tokio we shall also betray our own interests in China, not to mention the disastrous consequences of such a betrayal on our European position, and its repercussions in India. As Chiang Kai-shek foresaw, in this second stage of the war, foreign interests must bear the brunt of Japan's attacks. China can no doubt maintain the independence of most of the territory she still holds, but she cannot without substantial aid drive the Japanese armies out of the coastal provinces where foreign interests are at stake. We must either exert economic pressure on Japan and give ~~real~~ help to China or withdraw from China.

During the first two years of the war, Japan was able to cover her unfavourable trade balance by the export of her gold reserves, and to some extent by the proceeds of looting the cities of China. Her gold reserves are now almost depleted and loot is not a recurring source of income. Japan is already reduced to a house-to-house inquisition of her citizens in which they are forced to declare all the gold in their possession down to the rims of spectacles and lipstick cases. In her desperate search for new sources of foreign exchange she casts longing eyes on the silver stored for the Chinese Government in the Tientsin Concessions, and must seek to monopolise North China trade at any risk.

As regards China's ability to stand a long war, in comparison with Japan's, there is the primary fact that the backward state of China's social and economic organisation has its compensations. She can live without foreign trade, even without inter-provincial trade, provided only she can get arms from abroad. Her harvests for the past two years have been exceptionally good and the dispersed Chinese forces can live off the countryside without any danger of serious peasant discontent, so long as the Chinese dollars supplied to them by the Central Government retain the confidence of the population. Japan, on the other hand, must trade with the outside world or collapse. China depends for survival on the morale of her soldiers and her people. Japan's hopes of victory depend upon her being able to import sufficient metal to give her an overwhelming military superiority.

In China the war is releasing social energy for constructive work to a degree inconceivable in the past. It is breaking down old fetters on progress now that the Government must rely more and more upon popular support. The war is increasing, not decreasing, popular liberties, eradicating old abuses in the administration, bringing the remoter provinces under central Government control and thus ensuring that their revenues, which previously disappeared into the pockets of local officials and provincial governors, are utilised in the national interest.

Not only are new mines being opened up, new factories being erected, and new roads and railways built to link China with Indo-China and Burma and so ensure the import of arms in spite of the loss of the old ports. Perhaps the most hopeful development of all in war-time China is the Industrial Co-operative Movement. This is an organisation which aims at creating all over China small units of workers producing on a co-operative basis and financed in the initial stages by C.I.C. (Chinese Industrial Co-operatives), which receives its funds partly from the Chinese Government and partly from individual subscribers. By creating a multitude of small production units all over the country, including the so-called occupied territories, it hopes not only to provide for the needs of the mobile Chinese forces, but also for those of the civilian population. If the Chinese people can manufacture for themselves the few necessities they require, they will not be forced to trade with the enemy, the standard of life of the people will be raised, and Japan's economic and military conquest of the country will be made almost impossible. The C.I.C. also helps to solve the refugee problem by setting up many of the ex-factory workers and artisans to work on machinery salvaged from the lost territories, or with hand tools, in small co-operative units financed at low rates of interest. Such a movement as the C.I.C. would have been very beneficial in peace time, but were it not for the war capital would have remained concentrated in the coastal provinces in large enterprises under employers' control. There is no form of assistance from abroad which would be better utilised than capital lent to the C.I.C.

In estimating China's chances of survival certain primary facts should not be disregarded by those who, after witnessing the defeat of the Spanish Government and the rape of Bohemia, are inclined to undue pessimism. China is not only vastly larger, but her unity, at least as long as China is supported by the West, is also greater than was that of the nations which have succumbed to German or Italian aggression. Japan has looked in vain for a Franco to emerge and cloak her conquest in a Chinese dress. No one of even second-rate importance has been willing to become a Japanese puppet. This fact is of immense importance and is in part to be explained by the nature of Japanese Imperialism, which can offer nothing to the possessing classes in China. It is also due to the fact that the interests of the most reactionary elements in China are bound up with those of the Western Powers, themselves directly menaced by Japan ; and it is also in part due to the wise policy pursued by the Chinese Communists.

Lastly, there is the stoicism of the Chinese people and their past conditioning to famine, floods and disasters. The sufferings of the Chinese people are beyond the capacity of our imagination to realise. Daily bombings of the civilian population from the air, with their weekly toll of thousands of killed and maimed, and tens of thousands rendered homeless ; the flight of millions before the Japanese advance with its trail of massacre and rape. There are now estimated to be 50 million refugees in China—a figure so colossal that the sufferings of Jews, Czechs and Spaniards seem small in comparison. The Chinese, whose struggle for existence has always been so desperately hard, can, it would seem, survive a war which would break a Western people. All this does not mean that they do not suffer as acutely as ourselves, or that we should not be moved by their agony more than by the business interests of a few thousand British people in China.

FREDA UTLEY

A LONDON DIARY

THE demand for the inclusion of Mr. Churchill in the Cabinet has reached formidable proportions, but I don't expect Mr. Chamberlain to yield. The *News Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian* have long demanded it. They have now been powerfully reinforced by the *Daily Telegraph* and other Conservative papers. The strongest new recruit is the *Yorkshire Post*, which argued in a remarkable leading article that no words of Mr. Chamberlain would ever convince Hitler that we were serious in our guarantee; they still sounded so much like the warning speeches extracted from the Government last summer when Czechoslovakia was threatened. Mr. Churchill's entry into the Cabinet might save a war by convincing Hitler that Britain meant what Mr. Chamberlain said. Some Conservatives were brought round to the same point of view by Mr. Chamberlain's broadcast speech on Sunday; everyone recognises and shares in his passionate desire for peace, but most people feel that we are in the toughest spot this island has ever been in and, at such a time, ability and resolution are the greatest requisites either for preserving peace or for fighting a war. In the Cabinet I understand that Mr. Chamberlain has strong personal objections to Mr. Churchill's inclusion—perhaps the strongest is the fear that it would very quickly be Mr. Churchill's Cabinet and that whatever last-minute hopes there are of appeasement over Danzig would be frustrated by his inclusion. Sir John Simon is said to be vehemently against, and Sir Samuel Hoare less strongly, but I am told that Sir Kingsley Wood is now in favour of including him.

* * *

If the Russian alliance is not completed we are indeed in an extraordinary situation. We can do nothing directly to prevent the Poles being over-run. I am sure that every kind of pressure is being brought to bear on them to try some compromise over Danzig, but with the example of the Czechs in front of them, and Britain and France firmly caught and committed, I see no reason to believe that the Poles will yield an inch. To refuse help to the Czechs and Spain and then to give *carte blanche* to the Poles will go down to history as one of the most astonishing actions ever taken by a Government in its one sentimental moment. Of course, Mr. Chamberlain did not mean, as the *Times* explained when the guarantee was first given, to promise to defend Poland's "integrity," only its "independence," that is, he meant her to negotiate about the Corridor and Danzig. But the Poles were not having that—on April 22nd I told the story of how Colonel Beck forced the Government's hand. On the face of it we are now certainly involved. If one could become detached and view the whole thing as a historical incident in the break-up of Europe, the next weeks should be extraordinarily interesting. Almost anything may happen and only a fool would prophesy. Hitler may of course decide that Danzig is dangerous and do something else first, such as complete his domination over Hungary. But if his prestige is too much involved now with Danzig, as I should suppose, he will presumably keep up the war of nerves for some weeks more, bringing it to a crisis some time in August. He cannot leave it as late as he left Czechoslovakia, because there are few roads and many marshes in Poland and an efficient mechanised invasion will only be practicable in the summer.

* * *

A friend of mine, who had nothing to do in Oxford last Monday morning, went to listen to the City Council at work. She came in at the moment when a resolution of the Education Committee was being discussed. It was proposed that £24,000 should be spent on trenches for the protection of the Oxford schoolchildren and the 6,000 London evacuees who will be there in the event of war. After listening to a moving and persuasive speech on the urgency of the problem from an independent councillor who was supported by Labour, she was surprised to hear the proposal roundly condemned by an aged Conservative alderman, who argued it was waste of the rates and anyway war was unlikely. A crank, no doubt, she thought; what waste of time! But she was disillusioned when speaker after speaker from the Conservative and Liberal benches supported the opposition. One of them argued that there was a rift in the clouds that morning and the trenches would not be needed; another that, since Sir John Anderson could not spare any steel shelters for Oxford, it *must* be perfectly safe; another that trenches must be waterlogged and were therefore useless. They were unanimous that anyway it was waste of money, and the Mayor spoke from the chair to the same effect. Finally, the motion was put to the vote and was carried by a small majority, thanks to a few Conservatives deserting their fellows and voting with the Labour and University members. The next item was a discussion on two black-outs which are to be staged, one next week-end and one in August. The time fixed is 12 midnight till 4 a.m., and questions were asked why these hours were selected for the test, when anyway most Oxford citizens had their lights out. One councillor dared to suggest that, since he had just installed new dark curtains, he would like to have them tested: could not one of the black-outs start at 10 p.m.? At this there was a babel of disapproval. That was impossible next Sunday as it was Henley week. You could not ask the railways to run their trains without lights, and it would be terribly inconvenient for car-drivers. The suggestion was squashed by the discovery that Berkshire, which controls the western suburbs, had refused to co-operate! But the councillor with the curtains was obstinate. Could they not arrange it in August? Hubbub again. The Chief Constable explained (somewhat mysteriously) that the black-out was meant not for Oxford City but for the R.A.F.; and there were renewed complaints of the nuisance it would cause. Finally, the A.R.P. Officer announced that anyway a local black-out could not be tested by aeroplane observation, because the R.A.F. was busy till the autumn. As my friend slipped out of the Town Hall, she began to realise why Dr. Goebbels is so confident he can destroy Poland without a war. Senile decay pervades a large part of our ruling class. These worthy old gentlemen were living in a private peaceful world of their own, an English world in which Hitler was just a bad dream. What Dr. Goebbels may not realise is that in an actual war situation these old dreamers, who could not face danger in time to avert catastrophe, will be the most bellicose of fire-eaters and hun-haters.

* * *

The M.P.s who have just restored the tax on patent medicines, over the head of Sir John Simon, were actuated by the best motives, but I think they were unwise. They wished to restrict the sale of secret remedies, some of which are dangerous, most of which are useless and almost all of which are grossly overpriced. Actually, however, the tax has no restrictive effect on the worst offenders, who have long ago found ways of evading it, and the appearance of a Government stamp on various quack remedies is objectionable in many ways. It is not difficult to find means of dodging the existing Stamp Duty, as it is levied under an Act of 1812 whose antique phrasing has produced decisions which the High Court in 1931 described curtly as a "mass of confused and obsolete verbiage." Professor A. J. Clark, in his article on patent medicines in *Fact*, says:

> The chief way in which the Act is evaded is to proclaim the composition of the mixture in terms that are as unintelligible as possible. This is easy in the case of organic compounds, which consist of a number, often dozens, of groups of atoms. . . . A cruder method is simply to make up a fancy chemical formula and, if chemists state that such a structure cannot exist, to reply that they are ignorant of an important new advance in synthetic chemistry.

The sensible thing would have been to accept the repeal, and to amend the Food and Drugs Acts so as to make the composition of all remedies clearly and comprehensibly stated on every bottle, and to see that advertisers are responsible at law if their remedies fail to have the properties they claim for them. This seems a mild enough demand, but the opposition is powerful. I am told that when Professor Clark's brochure appeared advertisements of it were refused in many places, and one Sunday paper which had accepted one by accident almost tearfully requested not to be offered one again.

* * *

The newspapers report that "the King has issued no instructions and expressed no views" on the question of whether yeomen should wear beards.

> Yeomen can please themselves whether they shave or not. Some yeomen disliked wearing beards because they thought it made them look like foreigners.

Royalty took a stronger line in Queen Victoria's time. You may recall the great controversy about beards in the Navy. The Queen wrote to First Lord of the Admiralty expressing a preference

> for the beards without the moustaches as the latter have rather a soldierlike appearance; but then the object in view would not be obtained, viz., to prevent the necessity of shaving. Therefore it had better be as proposed, the entire beard, only it should be kept short and very clean.

The Queen added a week later that

> on no account should moustaches be allowed without beards. That must be clearly understood.

* * *

According to the *Daily Telegraph* a coup was planned in Danzig for last week-end and was called off. I didn't believe it myself: the story was part of the war of nerves, a try-out to see how the world would take it. However the following comment, said on absurd authority to be a translation from the Polish, reaches me from a distinguished poet.

Nazis are not coming in,
Polski sing cuckcoup!
All go pop von Ribbentrop,
Russki Pact, go through!
Cabinet and Soviet
Allski happy too!
Polski sing cuckcoup!
Sing cuckcoup!
Coo!

* * *

Professor Kojiro Sugimori, Professor of Philosophy at the Waseda University, Tokyo, has this to say of the Fascist Axis (*Japan To-day*, Overseas Supplement, August 1st, 1938):

> A great tendency in the modern world necessarily leans to simplify, on the one hand, the given national boundaries, and on the other hand, to refit them more kindly. . . . And for the best possible survival of Europe's culture, social life, and forces, rebarbarisation to some extent seems absolutely unavoidable. This may come, most hopefully, from Germany and Italy.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Angus Macphail.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England" 10, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

It is with pardonable pride that I refer to the very high tribute—as published in the national press—which the Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain paid to the astrological prognostications which have appeared in my Almanack and the weekly prophecies which have been a regular feature in the *Sunday Dispatch* for some months past.

Coming from so eminent a personage, held in such deservedly high esteem and respect throughout the civilised world as is the Prime Minister, this is indeed welcome praise, which is the more gratifying to me inasmuch as such a spontaneous tribute puts the hall-mark on the science of Astrology.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Who will offer to represent Manchester's Ugliest Woman at seaside for season; good wages and strictest confidence observed?—Advt. in *Evening News.*

Your reference to the Queen [losing a stone] is not what we would expect. . . . We like to think of the Queen as a mother of her people, and none of us would like such an announcement that our mother had lost nearly a stone. It is not nice. . . .—Letter in *Daily Express.*

Officers, will you see that witnesses or parents come into Court with stockings on?

The Woman: I have just left my business.

Mr. Henriques: I cannot help your business. This is a police-court, and you must not come into court like this. It is most disgraceful.—*Daily Telegraph.*

"The oftener I come abroad, the more proud I am of Glasgow," said Mrs. P. J. Dollan, wife of Lord Provost, during visit to Paris yesterday. Lord Provost said Paris buses could not touch Glasgow tramcars for comfort.—Scottish Paper.

Sir,—Your correspondent, "Springfield," asks: "Why should Britain be called upon to 'hold the baby' in every crisis which crops up?" May I take this opportunity to point out to him that this is the particular task that the Almighty has chosen Britain to perform? It is her duty to lead the nations to that World Utopia to which we are all striving. From 1800, Britain has grown into the mightiest Empire the world has ever known, and has taken the lead in world politics.—Letter in the *Glasgow Daily Record and Mail.*

Apathy is rampant in the Labour Movement.—*Revolt.*

Astrology your guide. Interpretations by an expert. One brief question 1*s.* Long delineation, forecast and advice, with figure. Four pages, 10*s.* 6*d.* Eight pages, 21*s.* In rhymed or blank verse (unique service), £5.—Advertisement from *Prediction.*

LEGISLATING FOR NEUTRALITY IN U.S.A.

THE Neutrality Bill which is being discussed in the U.S. Congress would not have roused such a long and passionate debate were it not for the fact that it involves for America a decision of attitude in a future international conflict, and not merely technical arrangements. The bitter tone in which the German press referred to the Administration's standpoint suggests how gravely important is the issue for outside countries. They have learnt in the world war how dependent they are on outside supplies, if war lasts any length of time, and the flow of supplies from the U.S.A. will depend on the decision about to be taken by Congress. Broadly, the issue is between the isolationists, who would restrict the supply of war material as much as possible and sell whatever is allowed to go out indiscriminately to both sides, and the internationalists, who would help the democracies by favouring them in the matter of supplies—with many shades between these two views. Opinion is mixed and uncertain, both in Congress and in the nation—the Senate had eight and the House fifteen different proposals before it—but one aspect seems to be definitely settled. There is at present no chance whatever of a "sanctionist" law, of the kind wished by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull. Senator Thomas introduced a while ago an amendment to the Neutrality Law which would have empowered the President, jointly with Congress, to discriminate between an aggressor and his victim. But the fact that after a long wait Mr. Hull plumped for a "middle-of-the-road" proposal showed that this was the most they could hope to get; and last week's vote in the House of Representatives has made even that much doubtful.

It is easy to misinterpret the sense of all this if one does not keep in mind the fact that the issue is one not of international but of national policy. The neutrality measures, in the eyes of those who sponsored them, were not meant to balance the chances in a conflict or to influence its outcome. They were meant rather to restrict those activities of American citizens which might bring trouble upon their country by involving her in the quarrels of others. For with the years the feeling has been growing that the U.S.A. got entangled in the world war without real cause and against her better sense, and that through the working of three factors—foreign propaganda, the pro-English bias of her leading politicians and diplomats, and the venal interests of her munitions makers and her bankers, as revealed especially by the Nye Inquiry in 1934.

Propaganda would become futile if it were clear that America would have no part in any future conflict, and would treat both sides alike; political bias would be checked if the Executive were bound to a firm policy laid down in advance by the legislature; and by preventing a war boom American economy would not find itself caught again in the fate of its customers, as it was apparently in 1917, when Mr. McAdoo is said to have advised President Wilson that there was a danger of economic collapse if the Allies were to stop buying American supplies. The main traits of the neutrality laws have sprung from what are supposed to have been the main causes which broke America's neutrality in 1917.

In a way these restrictive measures began with the money side. The Johnson law of April, 1934, denied to countries which had defaulted on their war loans the right to raise further loans or credits in the U.S.A. This was followed by the first Neutrality Act in August, 1935, with the Abyssinian war imminent; and then, as in the present crisis, there was a mixture of motives behind the step. The isolationists were in favour, because it meant isolation, while the Executive saw in it a means of international co-operation, by at least not cramping the action of the League. The same mixed motives lay behind subsequent changes. Because of the war in Spain, the new Act passed in the spring of 1937 made the measure also applicable to civil wars on a grave scale; and whereas the first Act had been a simple prohibition of the sale of arms and munitions, the new Act introduced further restrictions through its famous "cash and carry" clause (invented by Mr. Bernard Baruch, but by him called the "come and get it" arrangement). Briefly, the Act of 1937 laid down three types of prohibition. It maintained the absolute prohibition of exporting arms and munitions to countries at war; secondly, the President by special proclamation could name certain articles and materials which may not be exported in American bottoms; finally, *all* goods and materials which may be exported must be bought and paid for and must cease to be American property before they leave American territory. In addition, the Act forbade any loans or credits to States at war, or the purchase or exchange of the securities—recalling what Mr. Bryan had said to President Wilson in 1914, that "money was the worst kind of contraband."

The Neutrality Act having been put to the test more speedily and frequently than anyone could have wished, no side has been satisfied with its working. The major test has been in the Far East, where the U.S.A. has special interests, and where the application of the Act would have given a great advantage to Japan. But the Act leaves it to the President's discretion to declare when a state of war exists; and the American Government has been able to avoid the embarrassment of having to apply its own law because no war which he had to "observe" has been actually declared. The lesson was driven home by the President in his message to Congress, at the beginning of this year, when he said: "We have learned that when we deliberately try to legislate neutrality, our neutrality laws operate unevenly and unfairly—may actually give aid to an aggressor and deny it to the victim. The instinct of self-preservation should warn us that we ought not to let that happen any more." To which the isolationists retorted, as they did during the public hearings on the new Bill, that they were sorry for such consequences, but that the best chance of self-preservation lay in America taking no part and no sides in any war. Because they suspect the President's impartiality, they wanted to strengthen the mandatory aspects of the present law while maintaining its restrictive provisions. The Administration, through Secretary Hull, made known its wishes at the end of May, when it asked for only one important change in the present law—that the export of war material, now altogether prohibited, should be allowed on a "cash and carry" basis. (The cash and carry provision of 1937 had admittedly been an experiment, and as such was adopted for a limited period, which expired on May 1st.) It was on this issue that battle was joined, and it has centred round the Bill introduced on behalf of the Administration by Representative Bloom, of New York, acting chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. The original Bill indeed made other changes, which would have added to the President's discretionary powers, etc.; but after the Bill was reported favourably from Committee, on a party vote, its sponsors themselves thought it prudent to offer amendments which in effect left things as they stood, only lifting the embargo on arms and munitions. But that is the critical issue and the debate has been hard and bitter. In the end the opponents of the Bill were able to pass an amendment which reintroduced the arms embargo, but only for arms and munitions, while allowing the export of "implements of war." This has only added to the confusion, for no one knows what would come or not under that category. The speech of Representative Barton clearly indicated metals, cotton, oil, etc.; others apparently include aeroplanes, but some would limit this to commercial 'planes. At any rate, the Bill thus amended having been passed by 200 votes to 188, with some sixty Democrats swelling the majority, it has now gone to the Senate, where the President and Mr. Hull mean to renew the struggle and hope to get their way.

There is no doubt that the new scare over Danzig last week helped the isolationist side. The House Committee's minority report argued that the Bloom Bill would give the President "additional powers to be unneutral." (The President and Mr. Hull on their side have used in private the argument that the absorption of Czechoslovakia has given the Axis, for the moment, a great preponderance in arms and arms factories; though they have been discreet about repeating the strategical argument that, as the President hinted this spring, in case of war America's first line of defence would be in France.) Popular opinion, as judged by various polls, etc., wants America to keep out of war but to help the democracies with supplies. All that one can say is that if war breaks out in Europe passions will run high in America too, and that her policy in the matter of supplies will depend on whether the prevailing passion will be one of sympathy with the cause of the western countries.

D. MITRANY

IRREGULAR

I WONDER what the headmistress thought when, on speech-day at a girls' school last Saturday, she heard Sir E. Farquhar Buzzard advising her pupils: "Whatever you do in life, don't lead what is called a regular life." "It seems a terrible thing for a doctor to say," he went on to these innocent auditors, "but my experience has been that people who make rules for living and regulate themselves like machines become old by the time they are forty." How the headmistress must have felt her world collapsing about her as she listened to those heretical sentiments! There are, of course, a number of go-as-you-please schools nowadays, but even to-day in most schools the virtue of forming good habits in early life is taken for granted. Punctuality, the daily bath, regular attendance at school—all these things are looked on as neighbours of godliness, and their opposites are frowned on as vices. What is the use, however, of a teacher's training her pupils to be models of good behaviour if at the end of the school year an eminent man with a long experience behind him warns them that they are heading straight for premature senile decay? Months of hard work on the part of the teacher are undone in an instant, and the girls get ready for their holidays, determined no longer to be slaves of habit but to live in the world henceforth as in Liberty Hall.

It is easy to imagine the trouble some of these girls, inflamed by Sir Farquhar Buzzard's gospel of irregularity, will cause their parents during the next month or two. One of them, much to her punctual father's disgust, will turn up half an-hour late for dinner and plead in excuse that she doesn't want to be old at forty. Another, caught skipping her bath, will tell her mother that she intends to be a human being, not a machine. A third will probably sit up all night and stay in bed all day for a week in order to break the monotony of an existence in danger of becoming mechanised. Another will call for red-currant jelly with fish and for mint sauce with chicken on the ground that the regular association of red-currant jelly or mint sauce with one special dish tends to age the mind. Another will appear, wearing one white shoe and one black one, in order to free herself from the habit of wearing shoes that match. There is no end, indeed, to the possible forms that the revolt against habit may take. Life will certainly become more difficult for the parents if not for the enfranchised children.

I am myself a believer in the virtue of habit. I believe in it because it makes life easier. If I had not formed the habit of shaving, for example, I should find the use of the razor, every time I did shave, infinitely laborious. If we had not formed the habit of taking a bath and washing the face and hands, who among us is there who would not find these activities a burden? After regular indulgence in them however they become so easy as to seem almost natural. Habit, they say, is second nature, and it is necessary because first nature is so often deplorable. First nature bids us sit up till four and lie in bed till twelve, if we want to do so; it is second nature that trains the majority of the human race to go to bed regularly at a reasonable hour and to get up regularly every day in time for breakfast. First nature evades the toothbrush: second nature makes its use easy and even pleasant—not the much-grudged waste of time that it seemed in the nursery. If we were not a mass of regular habits, and could not trust other people to have regular habits, it seems to me that the world would be an almost intolerable place in which to live. Civilisation is simply a conglomeration of habits which enable human beings to endure each other and even to find each other's company agreeable.

When I look back on my life, one of my chief regrets is that I did not listen more attentively to those elders who incited me to the formation of regular habits. "Ten minutes' dumb-bell exercise in the bedroom every morning," said my Uncle Joseph more than once, "—that's all you need. But you must do it regularly. If you do, it'll make a man of you." Alas, after a week's straining of the biceps, I could not face the daily toil of pushing those enormous masses of metal heavenwards any more. Had I but persisted for a month or two, I feel sure dumb-bell exercises would have become as simple a matter as shaving, and I should have become a strong man, able to laugh at the advertisements of patent medicines. As it is, when the Army medical authorities examined me more than twenty years ago, the only phrase they could think of in which to describe me in their papers was: "Permanently and totally incapable." And that I impute to my having done what Sir Farquhar Buzzard says we should all do—led an irregular life.

And this irregularity has hampered and injured me in all sorts of other ways. If I had acquired the habit of regular work at school, I tell myself, I should now be able to sit down to work as cheerfully as to a feast, instead of regarding it as a nauseating necessity. I should enjoy slipping off to the study as some men enjoy slipping off to a public-house, and the sight of a blank sheet of paper would be as pleasant a challenge to me as a tree to a climbing boy. As things are, I never have a piece of work to do that I do not wish there were some means of postponing it for even twenty-four hours. When once I have begun working, I find it pleasant enough; but I never begin work without reluctance, without disinclination, as though I were sitting down in a dentist's chair That is the price of being one of Nature's irregulars.

Punctuality, again—how it smooths the path of life! To the man who has not formed the habit of being punctual, every appointment is a burden. His days are clouded with anxiety. He hates being late as much as anybody, but he knows that there is something in his bones which will compel him to be late. As a boy, he finds himself frowned on by schoolmasters as a pariah. Going to church, he takes no pleasure in walking up the aisle ten minutes late—perhaps, in shoes that squeak. All through life he knows that he is offending people through his inability to be punctual. He increases the labours and lengthens the day of the household by arriving late for meals. He becomes an object of loathing in theatres. And he feels that it is just that he should be an object of loathing. My Uncle Joseph was sound on punctuality. Would that I had listened to him!

Sir Farquhar Buzzard may reply to this that I am as much a creature of habit as any punctual human machine—that I am a clock that regularly tells the wrong time, whereas the punctual man is a clock that regularly tells the right time. He might maintain, indeed, that I lead a regular life of an even more dangerous kind than the most punctual precisian. To be regularly regular, he might say, is bad enough; to be regularly irregular is far worse. There is something in this argument. The people who lead so-called irregular lives are, undoubtedly, the slaves of habit no less than those whose lives are regular. The chain-smoker, the heavy drinker, the gambler are as regular in their habits as a model Sunday-school pupil. Even the unpunctual man is usually regular in being late and is often regular in the number of minutes or hours he is late. I shall be exactly two hours late in the delivery of this article. I always am. There may be something, after all, in Sir Farquhar Buzzard's warning against leading a regular life.

At the same time, it seems to me that, as we are all doomed—as we apparently are—to become creatures of habit, it is best to form habits that enable us to go through life smoothly. "The neural correlate of habit," says the dictionary of psychology, "is believed by many to be decreased synaptic resistance"; but that, to my mind, is nothing against it. After all, you must either have the habit of telling lies or the habit of speaking the truth. Even Sir Farquhar Buzzard would, I am sure, not advise a truthful man to take an occasional day off and lie like a trooper for twenty-four hours. I agree that habit should not be allowed to become a tyrant—the habit, for instance, of taking early morning tea or the habit of taking an afternoon nap. We should be able to dispense with such habits on occasion without feeling that the world had come to an end. In the main, however—I speak as an uncle—there is nothing to compare with the discipline of a regular life. My Uncle Joseph knew this, and I know it—unfortunately too late for it to be of any use to me. I can assure the young that, in spite of what Sir Farquhar Buzzard says, a regular life is well worth the risk of being old at forty. Y. Y.

ALL THINKING PEOPLE

We wake and eat our breakfast
  At half-past eight or nine;
We eat our lunch at midday;
  At half-past seven we dine.
A solitary evening
  Is what we chiefly dread.
But bridge or flicks will save us:
  And then we go to bed.

But there is so much to worry about,
what with Hitler and Mussolini,
and this business with Russia,
and now Japan,
that we really cannot have a moment's peace
of mind,
being so worried,
and having to discuss our worries,
and to convince other people
that our views are correct,
and wondering what will happen
if war does come,
and playing our part in National Service,
or being pacifists,
or undecided,
and getting heated,

and calling other people
unpatriotic,
or inhuman,
and being shocked
and horrified
and indignant,
realising
that something must be done
quickly
before it is too late,
and wishing we could escape from the whole mess
to Canada or somewhere,
and talking
and talking

We wake and eat our breakfast
  At half-past eight or nine ;
We eat our lunch at midday ;
  At half-past seven we dine.
Surprisingly neglectful
  Of all the things we dread,
We eat and play and chatter :
  And then we go to bed.

F. J. A. CLARK

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Cygnus Olor

THE disagreeable though sociable cygnet which once insisted on sitting beside me while I weeded, was finally and firmly transferred to the lake where, after several attempts to return on foot to the garden, it at last consented to settle down, exchanging my company for that of the solitary, older swan. By that time it had changed its plumage from grey to white, and the two of them swam round together, gravely circling in full Jovian majesty. I was pleased by this, since the remarkable ungainliness of a swan waddling on land is equalled only by the beauty and dignity of a swan sailing on its proper element, and I had not enjoyed the spectacle of the cygnet making a fool of itself. They made a fine pair. The sex of the cygnet was, however, still undetermined ; anxiously I watched the colour and shape of its beak, whether it would turn from a buttercup yellow to orange, whether it would develop a big blob or a relatively small one. Much to my relief the beak continued to show every sign of femininity. The cygnet was obviously not a cob, but a pen. The older swan, for his part, grew more and more aggressively masculine. He became more and more possessive and protective. I began to think of them as he and she. The old gentleman whom I have mentioned elsewhere in these notes, the old gentleman who looks after Jacob's sheep and who has ideas of his own, still insisted that they were of the same sex. He was only slightly disconcerted when in May they started to make a nest. Two cobs, he maintained, often did that.

For a time I feared that his interpretation of the curious morality of swans might be correct. It was quite in vain that I walked round the lake murmuring :

> “ And she might be that sprightly girl who was trodden by a bird.”

My incantation seemed to take no practical effect at all. They made two nests in succession, and abandoned them both. Then one day the ex-cygnet was observed to be sitting patiently, continuously, proudly, on the third attempt at a nest. By then I was sure.

The old gentleman was sure too, indeed there could be no denial ; but being a real countryman he was not prepared to retreat easily from his position. He announced to me that “ they ” had laid five eggs, thus denying by implication that either had been more responsible for the eggs than the other ; then added (rather inconsistently, I thought) that they owed their parenthood entirely to the fact that he had fed them with bread throughout the winter. I accepted both these theories without wasting time in argument.

Six weeks later the eggs hatched out. Most young birds are noticeably plain, their beaks being too large for their faces and their feathers too sparse for their bodies. The mouse, the rabbit, the puppy, the kitten, however delightful later on, are not attractive to even the most ardent animal-lover in their first, blind, naked stage. This drawback did not apply to the little cygnets. They were full of charm from the start ; moreover, they could swim at once, and thus fulfilled their function without delay. The little flotilla followed the mother in close formation, bobbing on the ripples, ducking their heads in search of food in absurd imitation of their parent. It was pretty to see her shelter them with her body when the wind blew too strong and manœuvre them between the rushes into quieter water. On the second morning I counted only four instead of five, and wondered where the fifth had gone. I could not believe that even a fox would have faced those great angry wings, but there was no doubt : only two pairs of grey fluff followed in the parental wake. Then a small grey head poked up through the mother's feathers, emerging on a thin neck curved into a mark of interrogation, out of what must surely be the snowiest, softest place of refuge in the world.

Owl's Brood

I find something curiously touching in the quiet patience of a nesting bird. Day after day, at whatever hour one visits the nest, she is sitting there, close, warm, and lonely. One wonders what her thoughts may be ; what fears may assail at the approach of footsteps ; what deep instinct informs her of the final reward of her perseverance. The courage of some of these small creatures is indeed remarkable ; I have inadvertently put my hand right on to a thrush, and had my finger sharply pecked by a blue-tit in a drainpipe. Not so a Little Owl, nesting in a hollow apple-tree I pass every morning on my way to breakfast. Long before I have reached the tree she is out and away, flying off with the peculiarly noiseless flight which suggests twilight far more than the dews of summer morning. Once or twice I have deceived her ; crept up to her tree, and seen her cowering, head drawn back, ready to strike, a wicked eye looking up at me from the darkness. I was afraid she might desert her nest, a squalidly messy affair, but she shows no sign of doing so, and I look forward to the day when five recoiling babies will huddle at the bottom of the hollow trunk. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

THE END OF THE LYCEUM

IT was a memorable occasion, and most appropriate that *Hamlet* should have been the last play to be acted in the theatre of Irving and Ellen Terry ; appropriate too that Hamlet should have been played by the most famous descendant of the Terry's and one who has been most successful in that part. For those who are aware of theatrical traditions there was a fitness too in Miss Fay Compton's taking the part of Ophelia. She is the granddaughter of the Lyceum Manager (H. L. Bateman), who gave Irving his opportunity, and her aunt, Isabel Bateman, played Ophelia in Irving's first performance of Hamlet (1874). Her other grandfather, Henry Compton, famous in his day as a Shakespearian comedian, was the “ First Gravedigger,” a part by the way much reduced in Mr. Gielgud's production. So much for the sentimental aspects of this valedictory performance, which playgoers will also remember for its own sake. I will range my own comments under two heads : the production and Mr. Gielgud's interpretation.

The character of the production at the Lyceum was largely determined by the conditions in which the same cast are acting now in the courtyard of the castle at Elsinore. Last summer I saw part of a German company's performance of

Hamlet at Kronborg Castle, Elsinore. They had no scenery, only a few properties. At the Lyceum the stage-setting was neither completely Elizabethan nor modern. It was a compromise. There was an inner and an outer stage, but there was no projecting fore-stage. At Elsinore there will be much more room on this fore-stage, which will add to the effectiveness of some of the scenes; notably to the battlement scenes, the first appearance of Fortinbras and his army (an odd-looking lot of pilgrims at the Lyceum), and the duel and death of Hamlet. The action was a good deal cramped in these. But I think the lighting might have been better managed than it was in the ghost scenes. To my mind, for part of the time at least, the scene between Hamlet and the ghost should be played in almost complete obscurity; the wandering light, as of a moon racing through a cloudy sky, only revealing them at moments. The costumes of King and Queen and Court had a kind of Cranach splendour, which with its slight suggestion of corruption was effective. Hamlet's dress should have shown more disorder in the mad scenes. Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet was far too neat to fit Ophelia's description of him. I do not think that even if one of his stockings was actually " down-gyved to his ankle," it would detract from his dignity; while slovenliness would undoubtedly stress the distraction of his mind. Something slatternly, too, in Ophelia's appearance in the mad-scene is absolutely necessary. It reinforces the pathos. A startling contrast between the girl so timidly well-behaved and well-brought-up and the poor, lovely, crazy creature who sings her little songs and distributes her flowers is essential. (I think these flowers should be real and *not* imaginary; that Shakespeare meant the Queen's description of her death, " then with fantastic garlands did she come . . . which time she chanted snatches of old tunes," etc., to remind us vividly of the Ophelia we had just seen.) Miss Fay Compton's facial expressions at moments were admirable, but the mad-scene was curtailed (at least on Friday night) and I missed its full poignancy. By the bye, Gertrude did not make nearly enough of the " There is a willow grows aslant a brook " speech. It should be delivered as an aria—stand out by itself, and the actress must rejoice to act unaided, employing all her virtuosity in declamation. Fortinbras did not look like a soldier. He was altogether too clean and bright; a painted plaster image of a knight in blue and white and tin. Realism is wanted here. It alone can add force to his words, which otherwise sound merely pompous.

Now I am remembering the minor parts, let me praise Mr. George Howe's Polonius. That is a part in which an actor seldom fails, but this performance was remarkable. He got all the comedy out of it and presented a *complete* character. Watching him you would think Polonius had been drawn by Shakespeare from a living model. Osrick was overdone. He got his laughs, but he would have been funnier if he had not been so exaggerated. He certainly should not blow Hamlet a kiss on retiring. Mr. Jack Hawkins as the King was first-rate in the Council Chamber scene. The delivery of his first speech to Hamlet was a masterly piece of acting and elocution. Later, his elocution never came up to it again, but he continued to act well; though the production robbed him of the finest opportunity of acting the part allows, by seating him with his back to the audience during the play-scene. We could not see the play of conflicting emotions on his face. This scene was the weakest in the production, though it had two new good features: the Queen in the " mouse-trap " play was acted by a boy and the dumb-show was accompanied by pipe-music, as it should be. This is important; it accounts for the presence of the musicians whom Hamlet afterwards summons, and suggests the spirit of that odd convention, the dumb-show prelude. The production, judged as a whole, was memorably good up to the play scene; after that it seemed to me nothing out of the way, in spite of some fine passages of acting on Mr. Gielgud's part.

Mr. Gielgud's performance was more austere than his former ones, in this sense—he had reduced the amount of imaginative and traditional " business " employed. He was clearly aiming at giving a lean interpretation, relying more upon his splendid elocution than on by-play. For instance, he no longer broke the flute across his knee after challenging Rosencrantz to play upon it, nor did he (at least I did not notice it) steal the King's sword from beside him while he tries to pray—a piece of " business " I think Mr. Gielgud himself invented. One gesture he took from Sarah Bernhardt, when she stood on tip-toe, sword above her head, after killing Polonius behind the arras, whispering as a question, " C'est le Roi," which suggests that Hamlet thought for the moment he had done the deed without knowing it, and his *relief*. The passages which require an exhibition of uncontrollable excitement are not those in which he is at his best. To my mind he does not triumph either in the play-scene, or in the scene which immediately follows, when Hamlet is really almost beside himself, or in the scene between Hamlet and his mother. Where he excels is in some of the soliloquies, and in the ghost scene and the Ophelia scene. His dread of seeming to " quote " certain famous passages (a fault against which an actor must be ever on his guard) sometimes leads him even to give such passages less emphasis than they require. For instance, he said " Alas, poor Yorick," and indeed spoke the whole famous passage, with too little feeling. But his delivery of Hamlet's first soliloquy after the Council Chamber has emptied, " O that this too, too solid flesh would melt," was perfection. So too was his delivery of " To be or not to be," and of the finest piece of prose in the English language, " What a piece of work is man." Where he excels all Hamlets I have *heard* (I never heard Forbes-Robertson) is in the art of building up the great soliloquies, in stressing not the beat of the rhythm which looks after itself, but those words which bring out the progression of thought in them or the change of feeling. There he is a master. In the ferocious soliloquies, when he postpones killing the King at his prayers, or in " 'Tis now the witching time of night, O heart lose not thy nature," he does not achieve that complete success. Nor can he convey the lewd cruelty of some of Hamlet's gibes. In relation to Horatio, he was not sufficiently supported by Mr. Glen Bryan Shaw, whose Horatio was merely a commonplace, straight-backed fellow—dull. But in this tremendous complex part of Hamlet, where one great actor has excelled another only in passages, Mr. Gielgud's interpretation ranks high. DESMOND MACCARTHY

ARTISTIC DIRECTION

ONE of the drawbacks of our not possessing a National Theatre is that we have at present nowhere to invite the singers and actors of other countries. Nobody will deny the need for exhibiting other and more constructive human activities than those of competition in trade and armaments, but singularly little is done by us beyond talking about the need for developing cultural relations with other European peoples.

On June 24th my colleague, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, wrote eulogistically of the recent performance of Sophocles' *Electra* by a Greek company at His Majesty's Theatre. He rightly deplored the fact that his notice would only appear after they had left the country. In fact, this excellent company headed by a remarkable tragedienne, Mme. Catina Paxinou, and its director-general, M. Costis Bastias, had come from the Royal Theatre of Greece, originally founded in 1900 by King George I and reconstituted as a National Theatre in 1930, but their visit was naturally expensive and therefore brief. The very presence of the company from the National Theatre of Greece was unknown to the majority of London's theatregoers; but if we had possessed a National Theatre in London they would have gone there as guests and their coming would have been known to everybody interested in dramatic art. Incidentally, the truly superb performances of this company and the excellence of their production give the lie to the oft-repeated gibe that a National Theatre can only be a repository for mediocre actors and lifeless performances. The handling of the choruses provided an object lesson to English producers and the Greeks showed not only that verse can be spoken with absolute unanimity and clarity by a chorus, but also that music can be effectively, that is to say, undisturbingly combined with words to heighten the dramatic effect.

It may be interesting to mention here the names of the dramatists whose work has been already performed at the Greek National Theatre in Athens in its comparatively short career. For example, it has presented plays by Aeschylus Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Schiller, Molière, Ibsen, Bernard Shaw and Goldoni, in addition to plays by modern Greek authors. It provides a summer season at Salonika and it intends to send out tours into the Greek provinces so as to meet the needs of the whole of the Greek people.

A similar intention has been expressly mentioned as part of the scheme of our own National Theatre and I expect it was with some hope of its materialising that the Mayor and Corporation of Sheffield made a contribution the other day of £500 towards the National Theatre fund. I hope that this excellent example will be followed by other cities. It ought by now to be clear to everybody that such important cultural activities cannot possibly be left any longer to private enterprise. We still suffer in this country from the volitional paralysis caused by the dangerous nineteenth-century doctrine of *laisser faire* which is in truth a policy of *laisser aller*, i.e., of letting everything go from bad to worse.

Recently in the *Daily Telegraph* the well-known English viola player, Mr. Lionel Tertis, wrote another of his excellent but exceedingly diplomatic pronouncements on the failings of our schools of music. Mr. Tertis seems to be one of the few English musicians who is ambitious for England's musical future and is not soporific with content as he surveys our past and present. But having numerous friends in musical circles and being an extremely polite and good-natured gentleman, he is averse from speaking too brutally about our achievements. However, he cannot disguise from his own eyes the fact that we possess none of the famous virtuosos of the day and that the standard of solo-players in this country is still below the best in other countries. But he does not attribute this even partly to unsatisfactory teaching or to lack of teachers of the highest quality; rather, he says, it is due to maldistribution of time and subject in the curriculum of the music schools. He is undoubtedly correct in this latter criticism. A great deal of time is wasted in these schools on useless subjects, such as musical appreciation. I also doubt whether it is not waste of time even to touch on such a subject as musical history. A school of music exists to make musicians not historians, and a pre-occupation with musical history leads to an undue regard for trifling historical distinctions—chatter about harpsichords and recorders, etc. It may even bring about a tendency to ignore artistic values in favour of scholastic ones so that we train musicians who hide their musical defects by giving period concerts played upon period pieces by candle-light in imitation wigs.

But I do not think this is the sole cause of the inferiority which Mr. Tertis points out. Nor do I think that he is justified in his courteous but indiscriminate handing-out of bouquets to our music teachers. I agree with him that perhaps there is no need for the formation of new schools of music in London staffed by eminent refugee musicians, but I do think that some of our leading musical institutions might invite some of the generally recognised virtuosos to give master-classes here in London. I think that such a violinist as Carl Flesch, for example, who was for years professor of the violin at the famous Hochschule in Berlin, would be a great acquisition as a teacher to any of our schools of music. Adolf Busch, the violinist, and Rudolf Serkin, the pianist, are other examples, and Fritz Busch would certainly fill a gap as a trainer for operatic work, were he available. I should be much surprised to learn that Dr. Felix Weingartner or any other eminent foreign conductor had ever been offered by any of our musical institutions the opportunity of holding orchestral classes in this country. Mere juggling with the curriculum, however sensible, will not make up for the lack of first-class teachers. Personally, I am certain that all the musicians I have mentioned would have a most stimulating and improving effect in any of our musical institutions, for I think that what we chiefly lack is inspired leadership. Without this—to quote Milton on the subject—the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"Q Ships," at the Odeon
"This Man in Paris," at the Plaza
"The Hound of the Baskervilles," at the Gaumont (from Sunday)
"Man of Conquest," at the Regal
"Boy Slaves," at the Rialto
"March of Time," Fifth Year, No. 3

EVERY July and August the new movies get sillier and sillier. The argument of the renter seems to run on these lines: in summer people don't go so much to the cinema, so now is the time to dump our B pictures on the market. A curious process of reasoning; one would have supposed, on the contrary, that summer was the time to put the best goods in the window, since winter provides its own inevitable audiences. Whatever the explanation, the gloomy fact remains that the majority of the pictures I have sat through this last fortnight have been of poor quality. The feeblest of all I have not listed above; about *Captain Fury* or *The Sun Never Sets*, for example, there is little that can usefully be added to the words of the Greek innkeeper who, when the English tourists complained of bed bugs, replied: "I cannot help it; it is summer; they have been born."

Q Ships and *This Man in Paris* are English comedy thrillers: nice pieces of work in many respects, efficient, ingenious, entertaining, but flawed, for me, by the particular kind of humour which is thought appropriate to such productions. The convention of a brightly sparring young couple derives from *The Thin Man*, and gets thinner and thinner; transplanted to these shores, where the wisecrack has never flourished, it produces dialogue like those conversations in *Punch* between sweet young marrieds who call beetles and typewriters by Christian names. A mournful sort of hilarity which makes it difficult for me to be perfectly fair to its principal exponent, Miss Valerie Hobson. In both these films she is the bright, playful girl with ironically pursed lips, ready to be funny at a moment's notice no matter how many corpses tumble out of the Compactom. In *Q Ships* she makes a dead set at Laurence Olivier who refuses to play at that particular game and retains his distinguished, romantic air unimpaired by forced gaiety. But Ralph Richardson, as a whimsical secret service man who unmasks an international spy plot, is as "funny" as can be; in fact, he overacts badly. In *This Man in Paris* Miss Hobson is abetted by Barry Barnes, who is roughly her masculine equivalent, with the exception that the funny business seems to come more naturally to him. Alastair Sim manages to improve upon his highly diverting Scotch news-editor in *This Man is News*. An immense variety of comic expressions chase themselves like clouds across Mr. Sim's large and wily face: at baffled rage and suspicion he has no equals on the screen. He is a joy, and the film is well worth seeing for his sake.

The Hound of the Baskervilles is notable (*a*) for the romantic, misty impressionism of its settings—Dartmoor seen by Doré; (*b*) for a blood-curdling hound; (*c*) for a convincing, if rather young, Holmes from Basil Rathbone, and (*d*) for an amusingly stolid Watson from Nigel Bruce. The plot is well and, as far as I can remember, faithfully related; and the film very satisfactory if you feel in the mood. *Man of Conquest* is the biography of General Sam Houston, a bluff adventurer who was Governor of Tennessee while Andy Jackson was President and by his military skill saved Texas from the Mexicans. An intensely American epic, it glorifies the good mixer in Sam, but makes also a real attempt to hold a balance between the two elements in his nature—lawless filibuster and selfless hero. In the principal part Richard Dix is suitably virile. *Boy Slaves* is about a gang of the " Dead End " category who are trapped by the dishonest proprietor of a turpentine farm into conditions of bondage ; it may conceivably perform a public service in calling attention to such practices, but as a movie it can only be considered inept and embarrassing.

Like the papers, the *March of Time* bulletins are inclined to drop all minor problems in order to report the monthly response of world opinion to the greatest problem of all—how to save civilisation from the Nazis. The latest issue, " Britain, Peace and Propaganda," studies the new post-Munich unity of England and takes note of the swing of American opinion towards co-operation with the democracies. Always edited with admirable impartiality, these bulletins perform a valuable service in encouraging among film-goers a judicious and well-informed habit of mind. PETER GALWAY

CÉZANNE

IT goes without saying that the exhibition at Wildenstein's—" Homage to Paul Cézanne " it is called, and the name is as good as another—will delight everyone who cares seriously for painting : also it is what is called " important." All aspects of the master's art—with one exception to which I must presently refer—are well represented by a series of forty-five oil paintings beginning with a portrait of about 1863 and ending with the *Cabanon de Jourdan*, the picture on which Cézanne was working when mortal illness overtook him. What is more, the story of the artist's development, unfolded by the paintings, is embellished, and elucidated sometimes, by a collection of watercolour and pencil drawings. As well there are autograph letters, photographs, documents and a few knicknacks. The addition of these, announced with something of a flourish, may well have caused uneasiness. Amateurs may have feared a repetition of that deplorable Van Gogh show held in Paris two years ago, that classic example of how an exhibition should not be arranged, when the pictures were so deeply embowered in an exfoliation of whatnots that it became impossible to see the art for the edification. Such fears may be dismissed ; here is nothing of that sort : the bits of information are confined to the catalogue—which thus becomes a useful document—and the knicknacks to unobtrusive cases. And may I take this opportunity of commending as an example to others the practice adopted by Messrs. Wildenstein of determining dates by independent research instead of relying on Venturi's not very trustworthy compilation ?

Cézanne was never taught to paint. At the Aix art school he won a second prize in drawing ; and from Aix he went to the Académie Suisse where apparently he took drawing lessons only. All the instruction in painting he received came from his friends Pissarro and Renoir—good masters, to be sure, but not professional teachers. It is amusing to remark in this exhibition a picture—No. 24—in which the influence of Renoir is perceptible ; and there can be no harm in supposing that poor Madame Cézanne was pleased to see herself for once, thanks to this influence, presented as an attractive woman. It is worth remembering that Cézanne was untaught, that an instrument of expression was never put ready-made into his hands, because this lack of a picture-making instrument may possibly have helped to preserve his marvellous integrity. To the end of his days he started every picture from scratch ; before each new motif he raised afresh the whole problem of visual art, the problem of rendering an emotional experience in form and colour. To solve it he had nothing but his genius.

It was this absence of training, I surmise, which caused him to approach painting, when first he began to paint, in a spirit very different from that in which he ended. At the outset Zola, quite as much as Courbet, was the influence. Delacroix was the ideal. The young Cézanne thought of painting as a means of externalising grand poetical conceptions ; and neither the mature artist nor the old master ever quite abandoned the dream. Always he hankered after creating forms, and more especially groups of forms, which should correspond with ideas that were the children of pure imagination and not of an imaginative interpretation of external reality. Poussin, Greco and the masters of the high renaissance, as well as Delacroix, were ever in his mind ; and numerous groups of bathers are the expression of this life-long ambition. It is this aspect of his art which is not represented, or rather is represented only by a few comparatively unimportant works—*Sancho Panza*, *The Eternal Feminine*, and perhaps Sir Kenneth Clark's delicious little sketch. Although these essays in pure imaginative composition produced some glorious pictures I do not think Cézanne succeeded ever in wholly realising his dream. Neither of his great *Baigneuses* is a match for his greatest landscapes, portraits and still-lifes. The manner was contrary to his genius, which needed always the visual fact, not only as a point of departure, but as a point of reference, a control and, above all, an excitement.

His proper task, the one which suited his genius and raised it to boiling point, was what he said it was—" faire de l'Impressionnisme quelque chose de solide et de durable comme l'art des Musées." To analyse the motif till it had given up its last secret, and devise forms and colours, infinitely subtle yet of monumental grandeur, which should synthesise what analysis had revealed ; to come at the essential through the mazes of phenomena, accepting the naturalist doctrine that only in phenomena is the essential to be found ; to render his sense of light without doing violence to his sense of volume : such were the desperate tasks to which Cézanne devoted the best part of his life. His methods of accomplishing them may be studied in this chronologically ordered exhibition, where the development of his technique can be followed by anyone who cares to take the considerable pains. Also the watercolours—of which, by the way, a magnificent and not to be missed collection from the Cassirer Gallery is now on view at 11, Cleveland Row, St. James's—are instructive. It used to be held that Cézanne left blank patches of canvas or paper because they looked nice or made a pretty pattern. Cézanne did no such thing ; and his real motive, even if he had not left an explanation on record, could be inferred from his watercolours. When he left a blank it was either because he had not succeeded in finally analysing a form, or because he had not found the exact relation of tones which would both express his sense of what he had discovered and take its place in the final harmony. The blanks in such of his pictures as were not mere notes, mere indications, represent failures—failures to find what in his notes he had not begun to seek. Thus they make sense of his reiterated, though to us fantastic, complaint that " il ne savait pas réaliser." But I think even he must have been pretty well satisfied with No. 39 in this collection, *The Millstone in the Woods.*

Another superlatively beautiful picture, and one that repays study, is No. 44, a view of *La Montagne Ste. Victoire*. It has, I understand, never been shown before and is not so much as named by Venturi. It is a late work and unfinished. Here the whole lay-out of a vast expanse of country is indicated with the nicest precision by colour and nothing but colour. The smallest deviation of vision, a blue more intense or a green less acid, and the composition would at once become unintelligible and fall to pieces. How are such miracles achieved on so grand a scale ? Painters will understand, I suppose. To me the thing remains a miracle.

So much for students and experts. Most visitors, I presume, will not wish to pry so closely into the workings of the master's mind. They need not. An hour spent in the gallery must be for anyone who cares for art an hour of enthusiasm and delight, tempered maybe by something like awe ; an hour of escape coloured just possibly with a tinge of irrational optimism.

CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Paganini," at Covent Garden

Recipe :—Take a tormented Romantic genius, preferably a poet or musician, with black hair and a frilly shirt-front; take at random half-a-dozen unpleasant abstract nouns—Envy, Fear, Scandal, Despair, and a handful of demons and ghouls; take music by Liszt, Schubert, Berlioz or Paganini; take your *prima ballerina* and dress her in white; whip into a frenzy and serve in three or four scenes under various titles—*Apparitions*, *La Bien-Aimée*, *Symphonie Fantastique* or *Paganini*. Nijinska, Ashton, Massine—and now the great Fokine—have done it. *Paganini*, given for the first time at Covent Garden on Friday, June 30th, has more coherence and unity than the other three. A glimpse is given, in three episodes, of the great violinist's legend. First we see Paganini on the concert platform. The grotesque heads of his audience leer up at him, and, as he plays, all the rumours, scandals and jealousies that his strange life has produced skip and posture around him. In the second scene a party of Florentines is interrupted and terrified by Paganini. One of the girls dances wildly to his guitar-playing, while the others look on bewitched. They follow his hypnotic music out of sight. In the third episode Paganini is shown ill and alone, awaiting death. Mocking caricatures of himself dance around him. He is haunted by the thought that his work has been wasted and his art an illusion. But his Muse, attended by a crowd of good spirits, comes to inspire him while he plays for the last time, and, bearing his tortured body below, she leads him to immortality. Rachmaninoff's fine music and Fokine's admirable choreography did much to make the ballet a work of art. But the decor by Serge Sudeikine was only half successful. The first and last sets were grandiose : but something less like an architect's drawing would have been more dramatic. The dresses in the pastoral interlude were gay and suggestive of a Goya picnic; but the fiends and fairies were less kindly dealt with. Rostoff made a sinister and impressive Paganini; Riabouchinska as the dancing Florentine was exquisite in her frenzy; whilst Baronova, in an unsympathetic part was the ideal inspiration for a violinist's death-bed.

"Don Pasquale," at Glyndebourne

The revival of Donizetti's opera *Don Pasquale* at Glyndebourne this season introduced one important newcomer to last year's cast in Luigi Port, an Italian tenor of the light "tenorino" type who proved an agreeable acquisition. Audrey Mildmay has a very exacting role in Norina, but she brought all her exceptional powers of application and concentration to the part and gave a most creditable performance. It is no light task to appear to advantage in this opera, when two artists of such outstanding merit as Baccaloni and Mariano Stabile are in the cast. It is hardly possible to conceive a more brilliant or better-matched pair. Their duet in the third act was received with such resounding acclamations from the audience that it had to be repeated. The remarkable chorus in the same act, which is a masterpiece in its genre, was also encored, but some of its theatrical effectiveness must be attributed to the producer, Carl Ebert, who has made it a sort of witty commentary on the main theme of the opera. The gaiety of *Don Pasquale* makes it an intoxicating entertainment, and suggests that Mr. Christie might, with advantage, consider giving us one of Rossini's later comic operas, such as *Le Comte Ory*. Now that the standard of music at Glyndebourne is so much higher than at Covent Garden, it is a great pity that more of the performances are not broadcast.

"Band Waggon," at the Palladium

From repetition the Crazy Gang had lost its craziness. *Band Waggon* is straight music-hall, without too much interruption, with actors new at any rate to those who don't listen in. Tommy Trinder and Arthur Askey are two engaging comedians. Both are unusually free of tricks. When they sing it is singing, their patter is audible, and at times funny. Tommy Trinder, a sort of Epping Forest Fernandel, compères the show; Arthur Askey makes a speciality of animal songs, his latest being "The Seagull." A Chinese couple swing it remarkably well; only in a music-hall would it occur to anyone to want to see Chinese dancing jazz. Jack Durant haranguing and imitating the stars is something fresh in impersonation. "Clark Gable"—he gives the imitation—"but can he do this?" and he goes into an unwieldy series of catherine wheels. *Band Waggon*, in fact, has plenty of comedians—not least Freddie Schweitzer, an oboe player in the Band Waggoners, who shows that it is possible to perform jazz and remain human. On the first night, other stars not in the programme were thrown in; twenty minutes of Max Miller, dressed like a bird of paradise. And three members of the audience took part in one scene, and others were handed glasses of beer. Altogether an unpretentious, amusing show.

"The Lantern," at the Viennese Theatre Club

London's most intimate revue is now to be seen at the Austrian Centre, 124 Westbourne Terrace, W.2. The auditorium holds 50 spectators and the stage not more than half a dozen performers. The programme is a mixture of shade and light, of the grim present and the eternal spirit of Vienna. It begins with Julius Caesar and Frederic the Great making rather laboured wise-cracks about their respective successes. Then emigrés at Bow Street, heavily symbolic, e.g. a young woman proclaiming her identity with Mrs. Pankhurst and (Schiller's) Mary Queen of Scots. It would perhaps be wiser to cut her out along with English judges and policemen with foreign accents. The humorous numbers are the best. An Austrian 1066 and all that : an operatic burlesque with a most appropriate fugue for business-man and typewriter. Rather touching are Mrs. Greenfield and Mr. Silverstone, 40 years hence, discovering the ground of their affinity. The latter's granddaughter asks "Austria? What is that?" The Viennese Theatre Club has started well. Production, scenery, and dresses are quite good; music (Kurt Manschinger), as one would expect, outstanding. Fritz Schrecker, a sensitive and experienced artist, is well supported by Lona Çross and Grete Hartwig, a virtuoso of Viennese dialect. Everyone tries hard. Good luck to them.

"Juggernaut," at the Saville

The Juggernaut is militarism, and its victims an Austrian aristocratic house and their Jewish son-in-law. We see the war, the famine and the reaction bear successively down on the wretched family, driving one to the Nazis, one to America and one to insanity. Only the Jew fulfils his ideals and his prospects, and becomes a great doctor; until Hitler takes Vienna and he meets the doom that might be expected for him. The play is cast in a series of episodes (July 1914, July 1934, March 1938, etc.), and the weight of events rather crushes the human story. It takes a great dramatist to compete with history, and the fall of Austria was so melodramatic that the disasters of this little family seem unduly slight in comparison. Though in no way outstanding, the acting is effective enough, and special praise must be given to Miss Helen Haye and Mr. Antony Shaw for their moving sketch of the grand manner in adversity. These, and Mr. Richard Parry's superbly unpleasant Jewish capitalist give a certain distinction to an otherwise unexciting evening.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 7th—
  Première of two Spanish Refugee Films in aid of National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief, St. Pancras Town Hall, 7.30.

SATURDAY, July 8th—
  Russian Garden Party and Sale of Russian Peasant Handicrafts, 34 Myddelton Square, W.C.1, 3–8. Admission 6*d*.

SUNDAY, July 9th—
  John Katz : "Freud, Jung and the Reality of Religion," Conway Hall, 11.
  Garden Party and Children's Fair in aid of North-Western Child Guidance Clinic and the Cot Fund of the London Jewish Hospital Ladies' Aid Association, King Alfred School, North End Road, 2.45.
  Hendon Peace Council Mass Meeting, Hendon Park, 3.

MONDAY, July 10th—
  S.C.R. Exhibition of Soviet Folk Art and Handicrafts to be opened by H.E. the Soviet Ambassador, Caxton Hall, 3. Till July 22nd.
  Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce (Australian High Commissioner) : "Democracy and Efficiency," Bedford College, 8.15.
  Marjorie Pollitt on B. L. Coombes' Book "These Poor Hands," 67 Eton Avenue, N.W.3, 8.30.

TUESDAY, July 11th—
  Miss A. M. Lupton : "The Housing Centre : a Year's Progress," Housing Centre Lunch, 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1, 1. Non-members 1*s*.

FRIDAY, July 14th—
  Industrial Co-Partnership Association Summer Conference, St. Hughs College, Oxford. Till July 17th. Particulars from 36 Victoria Street, S.W.1.
  "The Deserter" (Pudovkin's thrilling film of Hamburg workers) in aid of Spanish Relief, Transport House, 8.

Correspondence

AMERICAN CROSS-SECTION

Sir,—During a recent stay of six months in the United States, in the course of which I travelled nearly 5,000 miles, I visited the Middle West and the Pacific Coast and I can confirm Mr. Herbert Agar's statement that those districts, like the rest of America, are "steadily and passionately interested" in international affairs. Nowhere did I have larger or more interested audiences, or get more intelligent questions put to me, than in Topeka, Kansas, which is as typically Middle West as any place could be, in Los Angeles and in San Francisco. At Los Angeles I lectured under the auspices of the Modern Forum in the Philharmonic Auditorium, which holds, I believe, nearly 3,000 people and which was full. As in other places the audience had paid for admission and the best seats cost two dollars. A country in which people can be found to pay 8*s*. 6*d*. to hear a lecture on international politics can hardly lack interest in international questions. Wherever I went in America the international situation was the chief subject of conversation, and I came into contact with many cross-sections of the American public.

The American public is better informed about what is going on in Europe than any European public, thanks in large measure to the radio. Facts concealed from the public in England and France are known in America, where there are no "D circulars." Americans can, if they please—and many do—listen-in to broadcasts about international affairs several times a day. When I was in Hollywood in January an excellent summary of the international news of the day with comments, lasting half an hour, was broadcast daily from a Los Angeles station.

Any of your readers wishing for accurate information about the present political tendencies in the Middle West should read an article by Mr. William L. White in the New York *Nation* of June 3rd. Mr. White said, among other things: "Up until the Munich betrayal I think it would have been possible to sell the Middle West a European war for democracy," but "to-day that has changed." Nearly everybody that I met, when I arrived in America early in November, whatever his or her own feeling about the matter, said that, if there had been war in September, America would have been in it in two months at most. When I left America at the end of April, there was a noticeable revival of isolationism, not only in the Middle West. The chief reason of it was distrust of the present British and French Governments. The opinion of the great majority of Americans is that, as Mr. Philip La Follette said in his speech before the Economic Club of New York on April 18th, the future of America and the fate of democracy itself cannot be entrusted to such hands.

7 Avenue Gaspard-Vallette ROBERT DELL
Geneva.

FOOD IN WAR TIME

Sir,—It is possible to attend Women's Voluntary Services Committees up and down the country without ever hearing the word food mentioned. These committees urge women to come forward and help in evacuation, hospital schemes, and A.R.P., but they make no appeal for volunteers to grow food so that the evacuated children and hospital patients may obtain fresh fruit and vegetables. The newspaper columns retain the same silence; there is apparently an assumption, in spite of the lessons of the last war, that this country can contemplate the possibility of war without any fear of a shortage of food. To many countrymen and countrywomen this complacency seems the grossest folly. Without imported food we can only feed one-quarter of our population, and in another war we should not only have to face the submarine menace, but also attack from the air threatening docks, railway and road communications.

The Government have laid in large stocks of wheat and tinned food, and doubtless additional meat supplies from overseas. But what of the very vital fresh foods so necessary to health?

Country people fared well on the whole in the last war, but in the next war the conditions will be very different for the rural counties. The so-called safety areas will have thousands of children and old people from the cities to house and feed, and large hospitals to cater for, and at present no steps have been taken to grow fresh food in these areas—in spite of the fact that many of these rural counties do not grow sufficient fruit and vegetables for even their peace-time needs. Take Wales as an example: there are few towns in West Wales which do not largely depend on supplies of fruit and vegetables from Evesham and the Lancashire markets, and even as far afield as Holland for spring lettuce, so a sudden influx of evacuees and hospital patients would exhaust local supplies in a few days. Surely then, immediate steps should be taken to increase local production of fruit, vegetables, chickens, eggs and honey, and why not organise the countrywomen to do this work?

Recruits are being called for for a Land Army, but if it is to be run as it was in the last war, they will help the farmers mainly in dairy work, or as tractor drivers, and not as producers of fresh foods in the areas where they will be so direly needed. What an opportunity here presents itself for the W.V.S. in every county to call for volunteers among the countrywomen—those who can only give part-time services. Through the Women's Institutes, Young Farmers' Clubs, the Allotment Holders' Associations and other kindred bodies, committees could be formed in each small town and village consisting of men and women (the former those who for one reason or another are not available for active service) who would at once make a survey of the gardens and any waste land available for allotments, and then set to work to get the ground in good order and planted with potatoes, so that when needed for war-time production the land would be in good heart. Lectures could be given by the Horticultural Instructor of the county and by qualified gardeners. The keeping of small livestock could also be encouraged, and every small town and village should aim at becoming self-supporting for these fresh foods. The Women's Institutes have done splendid work in starting market stalls, and from my own experience I know that our sales in five years have increased from £180 to just £2,000 a year (this at a market held one afternoon a week), and has been responsible for a great increase in production in the district it serves.

I can envisage in war time a great number of these stalls being set up to dispose of the local-grown food, and supplies would be assured for the communal kitchens and the hospitals, so that the children and the sick would not be in danger of living on tinned foods, but would have all that the nutrition experts would desire, but perhaps the brightest side of this grow-fresh-food campaign would show itself in the days of peace, for it would have done so much to bring a balanced diet to the country people, many of whom, alas! still so largely depend on bread and butter and tea, and the "tin" for their daily ration—but one last word on vegetables, for having grown them let the campaign go one step further and give demonstrations as to how to cook them—that is a vital corollary. D. STAPLEDON

Lluest, Llanbadanfaur,
Cardiganshire.

THE BATTLE OF THE RENTS

Sir,—The article headed "Battle of the Rents" in your last issue must have aroused much interest.

The situation in Stepney is admittedly very grave. A large working-class population remain resident there because of the opportunities for employment in the factories, warehouses and wharves, and there is an insufficiency of housing accommodation there for them. The site value of the land is high, and so are the rates, and they, of course, affect the rentals charged to the tenants, whose earnings are poor. The competition for flats is keen among the tenants, and it is they, and not the landlords, who fix the rentals of decontrolled flats. Blocks of flats are not purchased so that the owner can play the role of philanthropist. An owner seeks as large a return on his money as he is offered by the tenants—otherwise he is a philanthropist.

The Leagues are out to compel the landlord to philanthropy. Why only the landlord? Perhaps it has been found easier, rather than more just, to tackle the landlord.

If a person were to build a block of flats in Stepney and put it into the hands of agents for letting purposes at rents which a League considered high, would the public approve if the League were to organise a forcible entry and occupation by persons seeking flats in the district, and offer to pay a rent considerably less than was required by the landlord or otherwise to resist eviction?

If so, we are getting to a new principle which may be correct, but which would involve a reversal of the basis of present society. Houses must be nationalised to balance things round. Indiscriminate capture and besieging of blocks of flats will not do, nor will rent battles do. Having succeeded in persuading an owner of a block of flats, either by reason or by threat of forcible resistance to attempts at eviction, to reduce his rents, in what way is the housing shortage met? The insufficiency of homes for working-class people still stands out as an ugly ogre.

The two ways of meeting this ogre are either by building more houses or depopulating these districts somewhat. So long as the rents are at a level consistent with the demand for the homes, speculative builders are allured to build until competition, as very often happens, outdoes itself and rents collapse automatically by reason of the competition between landlords for tenants, instead of competition between tenants. To-day builders are discouraged by high site values, high rates, low rents and the fear of being bossed by the local Leagues. A League can act fairly and can act arbitrarily, but the builder will not take the chance; and public authorities are not immune from the activities of the Leagues either. The lower rent enforced by organised Tenants' Leagues stems the slow movement outwards, and encourages a movement of new house-seekers towards the district, thus increasing the problem of a housing shortage.

What is the remedy? Surely a course should have been adopted of avoiding an attack on the essential principle of freedom of contracting on the letting of flats? Our rating system is devised to keep the problem for ever unsolved. Buildings are assessed for rates as though it were a crime to put them up, to improve them, to let them. If valuable land is left unbuilt upon or not let, there is nothing to pay in rates. If it is built upon, one has to pay, and the greater the building and the greater its comforts the greater is the penalty.

Where else should the authorities derive their revenue? And the answer surely must be from the site values, created by the ratepayers and occupiers of the district. Rate the site values and derate wholly or partially all buildings and improvements and, relatively speaking, one will be met by a tornado of building activity, with the consequent competition in letting, reductions in rents, and the improved conditions of the block of flats without a strike, battle or a Rent Act.

In any event the appearance of the phenomenon of an organised number of people resisting the enforcement of the existing law or the rights of others is always distressing. One never knows where such things end and for what purposes such action may be taken next time. The Communist Party have had more than a watching brief in the recent happenings in the East End.

There is nothing heroic, to my mind, in holding on to the possessions of another person and refusing to leave go unless the owner is prepared to accept the price one offers him for it. I do not quite understand the type of person who believes there is every right in such conduct. ANONYMOUS

THE INDIVIDUAL IN DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Few will wish to quarrel with your approval of the stand taken by Professor Grube of Toronto, as reported in your issue of July 1st. But there is one sentence you quote from his statement which might be capable of being misunderstood. It is the following: "But I am a democrat before anything else and would accept the majority decision so that, if called upon for military service, I should respond to the call."

No doubt anyone living under a democratic form of government (or any other form of government, provided it maintains a certain standard of order and justice) ought as a rule to do what the government orders. But this is not to say that a democrat (or anyone else) is bound to put his conscience at the disposal of a majority. I dare say Professor Grube does not think acquiescence in military service is wrong, but the sentence I have quoted might, in isolation, suggest that what is wrong "in itself" could become right, and binding on an individual, by means of a majority decision: and this, I trust, Professor Grube would be the first to reject. J. C. MAXWELL

Balliol College, Oxford.

FORD MADOX FORD

SIR,—Critic's note on Ford Madox Ford in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of July 1st makes some amends for the surprisingly scanty and lukewarm appraisal of his personality and gifts accorded him by his contemporaries.

I think the most memorable of those gifts was his endless generosity to other artists, and there must be many writing now who remember gratefully the extraordinary warmth of his sympathy and encouragement when that was what they needed most. FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE

SHELTERS

SIR,—During the past weeks and months I have been looking in vain in the columns of the daily and weekly press for some effective expression of public indignation at the dilatory attitude of those responsible for A.R.P. in London; I was, therefore, more than pleased to see the matter taken up in "A London Diary" in your issue of July 1st, and to see an explanation of the silence of the newspapers. I live in a Borough in which literally nothing has been done since last September when gas-masks were distributed.

The writer of the "London Diary" suggests that Mr. Chamberlain's policy is responsible for the incomprehensible condition of helpless vulnerability to air attack in which we find ourselves. May I suggest that, since last November, when a Minister was appointed to combat this very problem of air defence, the blame should more properly lie upon the shoulders of that Minister? This is a democracy, in which the voice of the People should be heard: everywhere, in all classes and all sections of society, even among expert engineers, the questions have been asked ceaselessly, "Why have no deep shelters been built?" "Why, as in Paris, has not the civil population been told where to go or what to do if an air raid does come?" These questions, one would have thought, are too important to be silenced by Sir John Anderson's bland evasions in the House. We are faced with immediate danger of war, it would still be possible—there is still unemployment in our midst!—to follow the example of those who learnt from experience in Barcelona and construct deep bomb-proof shelters, instead of pouring thousands of wasted pounds into the coffers of the Steel Industry in return for the puerile steel refuges which will perpetuate Sir John Anderson's untimely folly.

May I suggest that this question is one which requires more than individual action, more than casual complaint? It is true that the Opposition have raised it in the House, but they appear to have been silenced by Sir John Anderson's entirely unconvincing reference to a "troglodyte existence," which has satisfied no-one but himself and some of his more pedantic Conservative associates.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

FIELDING invented and Smollett exaggerated the Hearty Hero who has been a stock figure of most of our popular novelists ever since. His most distinguishing characteristics are " manliness," contempt of culture (particularly of French civilisation), hatred of introspection, insensitiveness, love of practical jokes, and the kind of innocence due to lack of brains. Thus he combines a contempt for the vast majority of women with a chivalrous respect for the abstract unknown conception of " woman," and a sentimental worship for the heroine. This type is often contrasted with its opposite, who is frequently his elder brother: e.g., in Trelawny's romantic version, *The Adventures of a Younger Son*. This foil is usually a physical weakling, sycophant and tale-bearer, a boy who sits over his book, or lays his plans, while the noble hero plays practical jokes (for preference on foreigners) or amuses himself with rat-catching or chasing cats. The hero can never see beyond the end of his nose, while his brother is a schemer, who never acts on impulse, unless it is to reveal himself as a milksop in the face of danger. Such a pair of brothers, who might almost have sat to Fielding or Smollett as their models, is revealed in *The Diary of Dudley Ryder*, edited by William Matthews (Methuen, 16*s*.). The diary, however, was kept not by the Hearty Hero, but by the fellow with whom those novelists never showed much interest. Dudley Ryder was a deeply introspective intellectual, his carefree young brother William robbed his father's till and squandered the proceeds upon fine clothes and the whores of Drury Lane. He may also have tried his hand as a highwayman. An absolutely intimate self-revealing diary for the years 1715 and 1716 would be a find of great interest in any case. Dudley Ryder's diary is exceptionally interesting, as it gives us a self-portrait of a hyper-sensitive, cultured type whom we do not associate with the period. He seems a young man of to-day: it is a surprise to find he did not feel more of a fish out of water among the roaring boys and Mohocks.

* * *

The intimacy and freshness of this diary recalls Pepys fifty years before—and Dr. Matthews suggests that the reason may be because they both wrote in shorthand, catching their thoughts as they flew and escaping the temptation to rearrange them in a becoming manner. Dr. Matthews, now Professor of English Literature of Wisconsin, has for many years, made the history of shorthand his special province, and was entrusted with a box of papers consisting of the diaries and law notes of Sir Dudley Ryder, now in the possession of his descendant, the Earl of Harrowby. The present book is a part of Dudley Ryder's earliest diary, written when he was a law student of twenty-four. His father was a well-to-do draper in the City; the family lived out of town in suburban Hackney, and were nonconformists. Defoe was living at Newington and Dudley was acquainted with his son, who on their walks aired his father's notions. But the family was more openly addicted to the pleasures of this world—to dancing, flirting, and enjoying a bottle of wine—than one would expect of nonconformists. Later on Dudley joined the Church of England, which helped him to rise to the position of Attorney-General and to achieve —though only for a few hours—his ambition of being created a peer. He died of apoplexy the day the king signed his patent, before he could kiss hands. All that came as a reward for his meritorious service in securing rather colourless convictions of the Jacobite rebels of 1745. There is thus a certain appositeness in reading his day to day account of the rebellion of 1715, and of the trials and executions and escapes from Newgate, which followed its failure.

* * *

The interest of the diary is not however political. It is a document of social history, showing us what a middle-class young man of the date was like. Dudley Ryder was extremely cultured and fond of the arts. He was fond of music and frequently spent the morning practising the bass-viol or the flute. Two days, for example, were spent in reading Boileau and Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, and in drawing out a pattern upon canvas for a pair of shoes.

> We talked about music and painting and prints,

is a typical entry, while:

> Did not talk about Mr. Berkeley's notions

is thought sufficiently remarkable to be worth recording.

In the course of two years he read Homer, Horace in the original, and in translation; Virgil, Cicero, Quintilian, Sallust, Spenser, Shakespeare, Waller, Milton, Butler, Rowe, Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, Locke, Berkeley, Pufendorf, Molière, Le Sage, Regnard, Boileau, Voiture, Fontenelle, Madame Dacier, and very many others, as well as masses of pamphlets and books of travel. He had a fair knowledge of Greek, Latin, French and Italian. His preoccupations were not, however, mainly intellectual; his chief concerns being his shyness with women, and a hopeless passion for one of them, and his health. When he took some ladies to see Kensington Palace, he notes:

> I was but very dull company all the while, and the ladies seemed sensible of it.

On another occasion he reflects:

> I don't know how, I am the worst person in the world to entertain a lady in conversation.

He reads Fontenelles *Pastorals* in the hopes of improving his conversation with ladies. Once he was inspired to the fanciful pretence that distant houses were enchanter's castles, trees giants who barbarously treated the Fair, and he himself a knight errant, ready to protect the women whom he was accompanying.

> I carried on this fancy as well as I could but I must confess did it but indifferently that I was glad to drop it.

He was probably almost equally shy in male society. At the club:

> We had indeed more bawdy now than ever before. I think I behaved myself pretty well and talked my share tolerably.

Heated by such conversation, he looked for prostitutes, and attempted to enter into conversation with them, only to feel disgust, or shame that he could not "attack them with freedom," combined with fears of impotency. Then he fell disastrously in love with Sally Marshall, the daughter of a Highgate tailor. A marriage with her would be, he knew, recklessly improvident, and prevent his rising in the world. The worst was, however, that she was quite obviously not at all attracted by him. There was a painful visit to Bath in her company. Sally Marshall refused him a kiss and gave one to Mr. Powell, an Oxford undergraduate, immediately afterwards.

> I could not bear it and was forced to take a walk by myself among the trees. Nor could I prevent the tears gushing out, that I was forced to be absent above an hour. . . . I came [back] at last and my eyes I believe betrayed what I had been doing.

Next day he told Powell all about his hopeless love. His infatuation with the girl lasted until the diary breaks off in December, 1716. He was so clearly desperately in love that it is still painful to read about. Dudley Ryder suffered from the vapours, from rheumatism, cholic, and imaginary ailments, for which he took various cures. The best of these was " the cold bath,"

> . . . the pain is little. I have almost determined to go in them myself.

As he had a good deal of courage in making experiments, he soon became a devotee of the cold bath, which cost him a subscription of two guineas a year. His passion for dancing cost him more, and one time he was so carried away by it that he longed to be a dancing master and neglected the study of the law. Sensitive, introspective, shy, and profoundly intellectual, this delightful young man completely reverses the popular conception of the eighteenth-century gallant swaggering about in a wig, a sword and ruffles. He was worried by the set of his wig, liked to look at his sword hilt, and was ashamed of doing so.

DAVID GARNETT

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Holiday Adventure. By GEORGE WODEN. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

The Faun. By NORA GARDEN. *Fortune Press.* 7s. 6d.

The Silly Season has begun. Print has become larger and pages fewer, the voile and white flannel of seaside romance have temporarily superseded the dirndl and sackcloth of blue Danube and red Don, and even the heavier publishers are betraying their annual tendency to forsake basement tragedy for drawing-room farce. Of course, the old favourites have not wholly departed—the portentous bulk of the socio-political document still straddles the shelves, and the family saga still like a wounded snake drags its slow length along. But they seem a little out of place in the froth of summer fiction, and it is difficult to take them more seriously than the great sea-serpent or the watery bulk of the giant marrow. New critical standards are demanded: to call a book "good holiday reading" is no longer an insult.

The foregoing, however, must not be taken to disparage *The Last Days of Henri Quatre,* for this, the final volume of Herr Mann's epic of France's first bourgeois dictator, would in any season be worth serious attention. The story in the present book runs from the Peace of Vervins that confirmed Henri's power, to the assassination that ended it, and sweeps into its turbulent course all the picturesque flotsam of pomp and intrigue that surrounded fifteenth-century politics. There is a personal tale—the intense, unhappy love of the King and his Gabrielle and his inner conflicts about the obligations of power are described with Germanic thoroughness—but the main emphasis is laid less on the individuals than on the forces that compelled them. Herr Mann sees in Henri that old dream of philosophers, the Liberal Autocrat; and regards his fight for religious toleration as a hopeful symbol of modern Europe's struggle for intellectual freedom. "Henri IV," he wrote of the first part of the present book, "was a Protestant like myself. He lived in times of religious struggle, as we live in times of national revolution. And by the strength of his character and by the favour of fortune he overcame his enemies and proved a saviour to his country." This seems to suggest some very dangerous parallels, for while Henri, like Henry VII and Peter the Great, was undoubtedly a revolutionary, the ideals he represented were nationalism and capitalism, and his logical successor is probably Mussolini. To depict him, as Herr Mann does, as a strong-armed Liberal fighting an alliance of the Spanish Monarchy and the "Universal Money Powers" is as fine a bit of nonsense as the theory that Hitler is opposing an unholy union of Communism and International Finance. In fact, Henri and the money powers were on the same side, and the victory of the latter made possible the toleration that the King represented. Such false historical analogies vitiate much of the novel. Occasionally Herr Mann throws off a striking and effective political image—"the bandits chained together on their galley, who thus rule the world" is a well-flavoured piece of rhetoric with a pleasant double application—but generally his efforts to prove that old feudalists are new Fascists writ small are tiresome rather than illuminating. His blindness to broad anachronisms is all the more remarkable in contrast to his flair for period detail. His descriptions of the riots and triumphs, the backstairs plottings and sweaty, tumultuous receptions that made up the Renaissance social scene equal those of Feuchtwanger; he only lacks the detachment to make the psychology of his characters as convincing as their environment, and in his eagerness to stress our similarities with the past forgets the essential differences. All the same, *Henri Quatre* has a breadth, vigour and scholarship that makes one forgive its shortcomings. It is, again in no disparaging sense, admirable holiday reading, for it is good enough fiction to be pleasure and good enough history to appear profit.

Sailors—like doctors—make an ideal subject for light fiction, since their commonplaces are our adventures, and a plain recital of their everyday lives may have all the concomitants of a melodrama. This makes it difficult to judge the merits of a sea-story, for when all the characters seem freaks, where is the characterisation? And when all the incidents are extraordinary, where is the originality? *Between the Tides* is a loosely jointed narrative of the voyage of a tramp steamer. We see sailors joining the ship, settling down in the fo'c'sle, enduring a storm in the crow's-nest, burying a friend at sea and performing all the duties of their arduous and ill-paid employment. There are pleasant snapshots of familiar nautical types—the old salt harking back to the glorious days of sail, the reserved second-officer, the sea-lawyer—and slightly grandiose sea-pieces that only fail to be well written because of their too assiduous endeavour to be fine writing. One is pleased now and then, to encounter passages of Mr. Hanley's familiar turgidity, but finds nothing in the stories or in their presentation to excite either strong approbation or strong disapproval. The book, in fact, is like the translation of a Czech sonnet: one must praise, because one lacks the knowledge to criticise. The fairest thing to do is to compare Mr. Hanley with other writers on the same subject. He is not as funny as W. W. Jacobs, but funnier than the Odyssey; not as vivid as Marryat, but more trustworthy than Coleridge; not as entertaining as Stevenson, but more so than much of his own earlier work. If you take up *Between the Tides* at Dover, you will not put it down till Calais: if you put it down at Calais, I don't know when you'll take it up again.

In *Girdle of Venus* Miss Hansford Johnson has had the courage to take an unpromising plot, staff it with dull characters, and treat it in somewhat conventional fashion, and yet has succeeded in producing quite an amusing story. Marcia is a widow of forty, and despite her Lyttonesque name is more stupid, boring and generally unprepossessing than any popular heroine I have encountered for a long time. By profession she is a fortune-teller in a south coast resort, and the novel recounts her gradual decline from entertaining her friends, to defrauding the public and finally to deceiving herself. How she persuades a silly young girl to desert her nice boy for an elderly man, and how her own amour with a building contractor and a visit from the local police induce her to mend her ways, are subsidiary to the principal theme of the book—the seductive ease of profitable self-deception. Up to a point *Girdle of Venus* holds our attention. The shifts of fraud and the cunning rationalisations of credulity, the fatal vanity that begins to mistake the ease of long practice for the fluency of inspiration make an interesting study, and are presented with all Miss Johnson's talent for facile characterisation. But is it worth reading? Marcia and her friends belong to the great class that

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make up the statistics; their thoughts, feelings and desires are as inescapably average as those of the Economic Man. The old platitude that "everyone is interesting when you get to know them" has not been borne out by literary history, and it is difficult to recall one outstanding novel whose leading characters would not have been in some way remarkable in real existence. Miss Johnson's characters are those of the cheap magazine, and although her story is nicely written it has about the same relation to the great novel as photography has to painting. Nor does the excellence of the photograph make any real difference.

Mr. Woden's charming book is about a holiday and all the gay, precious, lovely things Bessie did while she was away. She met Martin with his kind, nice smile and his shabby old tweed coat, and decadent Tony who took her for drives and stood her the table d'hôte. And all the sparkling, wonderful thoughts that whirl in a young girl's head, and all the secret, beautiful dreams that blossom and bloom unsaid are described by Mr. George Woden in pages of scrumptious prose, as jolly as holly, as lush as plush, as jocose as a new-born rose! Of course, there's comedy too, my dears, and oh, such *daring* jokes about an aunt who loves more than plants and a wicked old Major who soaks! Well, Bessie goes back to her family and feels so terribly sad, for Martin has gone for ever and Tony's gone to the bad. But there's always a kiss round the corner, as sure as there's shine after shower, and girls like Bessie aren't left on the shelf, no more than a springtime flower. And Martin's young cousin appears, so handsome and bold and tall, and we soon forget silly old Martin with his smile and tweeds and all. Oh, thanks for your book, Mr. Woden, it came like a breath of fresh air. There's always a silver lining, if you stare and stare and stare . . . .

The Faun is about a great violinist who lives, in the words of the author, "with panache" and speaks "with the thin reedy note of an oaten pipe." Miss Garden has fine imaginative qualities:

> Everyone began stamping and clapping in time to the music. A drum began to beat with monotonous regularity. Faster and faster, wilder and wilder. The heat was terrible. Men leapt to their feet and seized the women, spinning them round in the fury and abandon of the dance. Everyone was laughing. Everyone seemed happy. This was Montmartre!

That was.

John Mair

THE BIRTH OF THE INTELLECTUAL

Science and Politics in the Ancient World. By Benjamin Farrington. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Paideia. By Werner Jaeger. *Basil Blackwell.* 15s.

I suppose nine people out of ten, if they were asked what was the legacy of Greece, would first of all think of the Parthenon and Athenian democracy. We have been told so often that the Greeks were a people of artists and statesmen and that they laid the foundations of the modern state. But I doubt whether Greek art or Greek political theory and practice have really been of overwhelming importance in the history of Europe. No modern state has copied or closely resembled the pattern of the Greek city-state: it is the Romans who gave us our ideas on law and administration. And as for Greek art, most of the cult of classical sculpture and architecture ever since the Renaissance has mistaken Roman imitations for the real thing or at best accepted Hellenistic standards. Only in this century has the discovery of "archaic" Greek art brought a genuine appreciation of the Greek as distinct from the classical spirit.

The real and overwhelming influence of Greece has been neither in art nor in politics but in education. Here Greek ideas, modified by the substitution of the written for the spoken word—the educated man is a reader and writer not an orator to-day—are accepted without challenge anywhere, with the possible exception of Russia. For the Greek cities were the first home both of "higher education" and of its product, the intellectual. Here is a legacy indeed!

The Greeks developed all the species of this genus: the *savant*, pondering on pure truth, the statesman salting his budget speech with quotations from the classics, the litterateur, the cultured banker and the administrator with his trained mind and superior ignorance of technical knowledge. They were the first people to believe that a gentleman needs a "general education" of literature, pure mathematics and sport, and that a vocational training or a specialised knowledge of anything is derogatory of the dignity of Man and fit only for a slave. The secondary school-boy who despises the boys at " the Tech " has caught the spirit of Greece; so has the Civil Servant who has never seen a cow but, with a first in Greats behind him, controls the Ministry of Agriculture. Pericles' young men memorised Homer and went forth to rule an Empire; Lord Milner's kindergarten memorised Pericles instead.

Each in his own way, Professors Jaeger and Farrington illustrate this thesis with a wealth of fascinating detail. But the one is a willing slave, the other kicks against the pricks. Professor Farrington is an errant classic, and expounds the Greek tradition only to expose its baneful influence. *Science and Politics in the Ancient World* is a lively essay which has grown out of a study of Lucretius. Professor Farrington argues that the Roman poet's exposition of Epicurus' atomic theory was not directed against the superstitions of the masses but was intended to expose the religious opium with which Roman plutocracy was dosing the people. He traces this use of religion by the ruling-class back to " the noble lie " of Plato's Republic and the table-talk of the aristocratic counter-revolutionaries of the Socratic circle, and argues that Greek philosophy, which has been lauded as the supreme manifestation of intellectual integrity and dispassionate research, was really part and parcel of a political movement to defeat both democracy and the scientific movement which had begun in sixth-century Ionia and reached its climax in the medical schools of the fifth century. Plato, by reintroducing under a pseudo-scientific disguise the worship of the stars, gave the intellectuals a new esoteric religion, and deliberately retained the Olympian deities and the Delphic rigmarole as a superstition fit for the common herd.

This theory of a simple conflict between Ionian science and Platonic reaction has the merit of simplicity and enables Professor Farrington to give a picture of Epicurus as a valiant champion of reason against obscurantism and equality against class-domination. But I fancy that it is a little too simple and readers would be well advised to read Professor Jaeger's description of the Ionian thinkers as an antidote. There is a world of difference between holding a philosophy compatible with natural science and being a scientist. Many brilliant scientists are thoroughly obscurantist as philosophers (think only of Eddington and Jeans !) and contrariwise you can condemn superstition and metaphysics without doing a single experiment. The Ionian cities had an intellectual atmosphere in which science could have flourished, but there is no evidence that it did, and in fact some of the most important astronomical discoveries were made in the Platonic schools. Pofressor Farrington is right in his account of the place of Socrates and Plato in Greek political life; wrong in his supposition that science ever flourished in the Greek cities any more than the idea of human equality.

Why it did not we can learn from the pages of *Paideia*. Professor Jaeger, who made his name by his studies of Aristotle, has published the first volume of a comprehensive study of Greek cultural development. *Paideia* is well named since the Greek word which means education, like the German *Bildung*, means also the pattern of life which the individual receives from society. The Greeks, unlike the Egyptians, consciously criticised and shaped their social and political traditions, and it was through this self-consciousness of the character of society that that development of individual personality occurred which distinguishes Greek life from all previous Mediterranean civilisations. Professor Jaeger agrees that Greek individualism arose out of the breakdown of the rule of the landed aristocracy and the growth of a commercial bourgeoisie, and his most brilliant chapters are those in which he describes the poetry of Pindar and Theognis, aristocrats who first became conscious of the values of their way of life, when it was already doomed, and of Aeschylus, the first Athenian to sing the glories of the new constitutional state.

But we are still left wondering why the Greek bourgeoisie with its highly developed commerce and culture was unable to find a stable political form for its social system. In the middle of the fifth century the sophistic movement was purveying a higher education no whit inferior to our own; but the result was not stabilisation but discord, and, from the time of Plato onwards, Greek energy is directed not to the development of a free society but to commerce, art, and administration under foreign rulers. Self-expression is sought not in the State but outside it, either in the philosophic schools or in other-worldly religions, and freedom belongs not to the citizen of Athens but to the City of God.

Perhaps the truth is that the city-state could only function successfully under the domination of a landed aristocracy. That at least was the view of Plato and Aristotle, who tried futilely to

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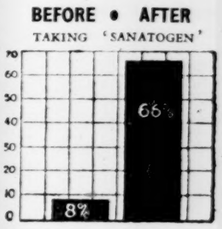

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return to a golden age, and recreate a primitive aristocratic society. The intellectual life of the commercial state was incompatible with its political structure, but since that intellectual life was still monopolised by " the gentry," no advance to a higher political unit was possible. For the gentry regarded the city-state as the only form of civilised society, and " the base mechanics," even in Pericles' democracy, could not develop a philosophy or a political organisation of their own to supersede " the international anarchy."

Here is an ominous analogy with our present discontents. We live in a civilisation whose ideas and economics have outgrown the structure of the nation-state. We too are moulded by a higher education dominated by a tradition of aristocracy and class-privilege; and the gentlemen of Europe, like those of Greece, either try to bolster up the nation-state by counter-revolution, or become " citizens of the world," while the world remains without political unity and power goes to the toughest adventurer. Greece produced not only the first intellectuals but the first frustrated intellectuals; and the fate of the Greek cities will be ours if we continue to believe that culture means the training of an élite in the abstract principles of a dying creed. A vital culture is the expression of the dynamic of the people. Where this is thwarted, it becomes the nourishment of homeless intellectuals, and a modern Epicurus may soon be vainly lamenting the return of magic in a new and more brutal Roman Empire.

It is the virtue of *Paideia* that it enables us to foresee this development even in fifth-century Athens. But Professor Jaeger is too traditional a Hellenist to point the moral. Writing in that ornate adjectival style, which critics of classical literature so often adopt—incidentally it is excellently translated by Gilbert Highet—he tries to persuade us that Plato was the apex of Greek culture, and the city-state its proper home. We can only accept this if we hold the fatalistic view that every civilisation is the product of a ruling class and must die when that ruling class degenerates. Even if this were true, Plato remains a Utopian dreamer, and, as Professor Farrington argues, it was Epicurus and the Stoics who adapted Greek culture to the needs of a different age, and enabled the frustrated intellectual to break his way out of his confinement in that antiquated prison—the city-state. R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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THE HAWTHORNDEN, OR ACADEMICIANS BEWARE !

Crisis. New poems by CHRISTOPHER HASSALL, winner of the Hawthornden Prize and the Benson Medal. *Heinemann.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Academies come from the French; they have a certain tact in these things. The Académie Française serves a purpose, and even more does the Académie Goncourt: if one wants to keep abreast with what is happening in French literature it is as well to read books awarded the Prix Goncourt. But English academies are another matter, about as successful usually as the Lord Mayor's Show. They do not preserve any good tradition, because there is no good academic tradition here to preserve; they fight shy of originality, being not so much hostile to it as indifferent. The Hawthornden Prize started as a sort of Goncourt and did well with its first choices: Garnett (then unknown) and Sassoon. Since, it has gone down, so that earlier winners may find themselves sorry they were ever honoured, and future candidates consider refusal. The Hawthornden Committee have just made their yearly award for the best imaginative work of the year by a man under 41. They had at their disposal:

The Still Centre, by Stephen Spender.
Good-bye, Berlin, by Christopher Isherwood.
The Death of the Heart, by Elizabeth Bowen.
Testament, by R. C. Hutchinson.
The Sword and the Stone, by T. H. White.

—to mention a few obvious choices that come to mind. I would guarantee to produce a respectable list of twenty-five others. Instead they have picked on Mr. Hassall. With what object? It cannot be pretended that he is in the same class with any of the writers mentioned above, and it cannot be pretended that he is a struggling and unknown author (the only other value of such prizes), for he writes the lyrics for Ivor Novello's shows. He has an innocuous style; unlike the painters who exhibit at the Royal Academy, he is technically proficient, and obviously has an understanding respect for the masters. From time to time I have picked up a volume of his verse, without its striking me. His *Crisis* contains pretty passages:

> A bill from the anaesthetist—five guineas,
> Because last Saturday he sold my wife
> One of his sample holidays from life—
> So much, for such a little mound of pennies.
> Her conscious thoughts were coaxingly smoked-out
> Like bees out of a hive, so that she lay
> A surgeon's map, each lovely hill and bay
> Free ground for the geologist to scout.

Product of a not very exacting ear: " coaxingly smoked-out." I read on, not so much for my own pleasure as to discover what academicians like. It did not take me long to discover. A hint of eighteenth-century elegance (Grongar Hill), an absence of realism (love without sex), a condescension to nature (address to a primrose)—those one took for granted. More important was the use of epithet. You may know a writer from his epithets: " rook-racked, river-rounded " evokes Hopkins, " you sulphurous and thought-executing fires " Shakespeare; Mr. Hassall's adjectives might be described as blameless. " Disciplined applause," " noblest faculty," " superfluous ballast," " private quirks "—all these appear in the course of fourteen lines. The secret is they are unnecessary. What could ballast thrown overboard be except superfluous? This is the way to kill your verse stone-dead; Mr. Hassall does it very effectively. Looking further in his sentences we find not only that every adjective is the one expected, but many adverbs and verbs too. " But this involves our future," " Acknowledged him the champion of his cause," whole poems are built up of phrases and sentences which we have heard before and which emotionally mean nothing.

There are only, perhaps, three uses of the adjective a good writer, and especially of course a poet, will practise. The first, exceptionally, is the expected, so over-used by Mr. Hassall; for there *are* passages when a very simple effect can be made by saying " *green* grass," " *blue* sky." The second use is the defining; " an off-shore breeze." The third, and most distinctive, is the opposing epithet; and much poetry is made of it. If I write " the naked trees in the park " I'm putting cottonwool into my ears; but if I say " black fountained trees " I'm saying something fresh and good. What epithet for the waves? *Not* rolling, *not* salty; but waves that fall like a curl, waves bitter, with the rasp of sandpaper, barrelled, boring even,

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F. V. MERRIMAN,
27th June, 1939. Chief Education Officer.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 63

if that's how you feel. I looked through Mr. Hassall's *Crisis* for mention of the sea. I found " the surge of waves."

That this sort of writing, discreetly null, is the real academic thing is proved by the fact that from hundreds of young poets Mr. Hassall has been picked, and not only by the Hawthornden Committee but also by the Royal Society of Literature, which has awarded him the Benson Medal. I acquired others of Mr. Hassall's volumes (he is prolific) and a commonplace politeness extends to them all:

> There is a forest all of ebony
> that grows beneath the shining of the stars;
> no other tree, not the imperious oak,
> nor sycamore, nor plane of naked bark,
> nor winter-thriving pine, may there find place,
> for all are exiled by the jealousy
> of that one ravenous multiplying bough.

Yes, blameless I think is the word. It goes on and on in that fashion; you can read yards of Mr. Hassall without anything happening whatsoever. What are his faults? Only, so far as I can see, that he has no vestige of urgency, otherwise his verses are admirable. No one, I am sure, could be better suited to write pastiche:

> Nurs'd in the dimness of a town
> ant-populous, and overgrown,
> it is a joy to urge my feet,
> beyond the complicated street,
> where Nature rears her fair stronghold
> of houseless green and wheaten gold
> by spoiling hands yet undefiled,
> bark-brown, and poppy-red, and wild.

There's nothing absurd, primroses don't spring in November, bitterns don't bark, or spiders fly, it is just flat, flat country like the landscape of Lincolnshire. In lighter mood, addressed to the stalls and gallery of Drury Lane, Mr. Hassall writes thus:

> Though fate may hold us far apart,
> She will turn our darkness to light;
> Make all my dreams reality,
> That I may hold you in my arms to-night.

Do you guess the same hand? Evidently, Mr. Hassall doesn't think so badly of these lines, for he adds his name.

The Committee for whom such writing deserves honour is composed of: Miss Warrender, Sir Edward Marsh, Sir John Squire, Robert Lynd, Lord David Cecil, L. P. Hartley, John Sparrow. Would they have chosen *Lady into Fox* from an unknown pen to-day? I don't think so. And since the purpose of the Prize is to encourage imaginative writing it would be an advantage if some of them showed an interest in modern poetry. Few do, and Mr. Sparrow once wrote a book to show how bad it was (Eliot and Rimbaud included). We may be thankful that there are not a host of literary academies in England (the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, by the way, functions admirably), and that this one, to-day, cuts so little ice. G. W. STONIER

THE COLONIES, GERMANY AND OURSELVES

The German Colonial Claim. By The Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY. *Chambers*. *7s. 6d.*

To the demand of a Nazi Germany for reversal of the colonial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles there can be, according to Mr. Amery, " only one reply consistent with our safety and with our honour, a courteous but absolutely unequivocal refusal to admit that the question is open to discussion." Probably the majority of us will sympathise with this conclusion: which makes it a pity that the case as here stated is personal where it might have been made more representative and truly national, and rather narrowly national where it might have stated the case for civilisation as a whole. But it remains true that we cannot in justice make ourselves responsible for handing over Africans to the unfettered control of this Leader who, in *Mein Kampf*, has pronounced it " criminal lunacy to train a born semi-ape to become a lawyer . . . and a sin against the Eternal Creator to train Hottentots and Kaffirs to intellectual professions." Given this criminal lunacy of racialism, and the whole spirit and outlook of modern Germany, Mr. Amery's statement of a case even for the Treaty of Versailles is a not unnecessary corrective to the thinking of those who even yet credit this Germany with caring for abstract justice.

The less said the better about some of our own historical acquisitions. It is useless also to try to persuade either Germany, or for that matter some of our own anti-Imperialists, that colonies are no economic boon to the " possessing " country. But clearly her old colonies would do little to serve the needs of that Germany which has deliberately upset the economic balance for the sake of armaments. Mr. Amery is entirely justified in retorting that when Field-Marshal Goering asked the Germans to choose between guns and butter the implied idea was " to use the guns," in good time, " in order to secure the butter as well! " Their rulers " would look upon any concessions they secured mainly as stepping stones towards fresh acquisitions." But when Mr. Amery stresses the obvious strategic danger from air and submarine bases threatening our own interests, he weakens his case by taking the Germans' standpoint. The argument ought to have been that a redistribution of colonies except on the principles of the mandate, and accompanied by general disarmament, would make it now quite inevitable that our African wards would again be involved in any European-made war—on an even vaster scale than in the tragic East African campaign of 1914–18.

Certainly Germany has " never concealed the fact that she has no intention of accepting the limitations of the mandatory system," but we cannot ourselves base a sufficient case on the merit of our self-governing Commonwealth of co-equal states. Mr. Amery may be right that, in spite of lapses, the conception of responsibility now called trusteeship " was always there," but the dependent colonies have in truth no effective share in " the Empire as a living, corporate system." In our own day they have known more of Sedition Acts than of enfranchisement. It is too like an appeal to Hitler's own conception of " blood " to boast that a " technique of administration, based on long experience of native peoples and their ways, has become in some measure instinctive." Mr. Amery's own term as Secretary of State is gratefully remembered just because he found and took occasion to give ingrained instinct some salutary jolts. Here, however, he harks back to an earlier enthusiasm as a constructive solution. On condition that we are left with a glorification of the " tied-house " Empire of the old Tariff Reformer's dream, a regenerate and peaceful Germany is to play her great part in a parallel European Commonwealth.

Yet the tragedy remains of the low productivity and the wretchedly low standard of life persisting in our own colonies. To this extent it was entirely to the credit of the old Reich that, apart altogether from reprehensible military expenditure, the colonial budget showed large and regular annual deficits. In addition to political and social freedom our colonies positively need all the outside help they can get from foreign brains, foreign science and technology, certainly foreign capital. Our " No " to Germany will be convincing, or in any way admissible, only as we meet the challenge of the colonies' needs. W. M. MACMILLAN

THE IRONIC DOCTOR

The Horse and Buggy Doctor. By ARTHUR E. HERTZLER. With an Introduction by FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. *Lane*. *12s. 6d.*

This book is the life story of a man of character. That life began, at least after its first ten years, at the plough, with the author following the team across his father's land in Kansas, a card nailed to the haft, containing the letters of the Greek alphabet, which he committed to memory during his twelve-hour day. It appears that he was a tall, ungainly figure, with a physiognomy that made girls titter. This drawback caused him, as it caused another man, Lincoln, from his own part of the States, to grit his teeth and set out to make a career.

Dr. Hertzler has succeeded. His title is a characteristic piece of ironic commentary on that career. He does not, apparently, set much store on success, except success at a particular job. And his job has been medicine first and the career afterwards. He still calls himself a " horse and buggy doctor," and a " kitchen surgeon," although he now runs a private hospital of two hundred beds, is a famous consultant, and has written a large number of books, such as his ten-volume treatise on Surgical Pathology, which are in constant use in his own country.

Between the two extremes lie fifty years of practice. During those fifty years, medicine in the States advanced from little more than witch-doctoring to the methods which have made American hospitals so formidably efficient, at least on the films. I say this because Dr. Hertzler has aggravated my scepticism of the mumbo-jumbo of the latest Aesculapian ritual. And this in spite of the fact that he, by example, has done so much to establish medicine upon scientific procedure instead of the bedside manner.

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DRURY LANE.	**The Dancing Years.**	W., S.
DUCHESS.	**The Corn is Green.**	Tues., Thu.
GLOBE.	**Rhondda Roundabout.**	Wed., Sat.
PALACE.	**Under Your Hat.**	Tues. & Thurs.
PICCADILLY.	**Spring Meeting.**	Wed., Sat.
QUEEN'S.	**Dear Octopus.**	Wed. & Sat.
SADLER'S WELLS.	**D'Oyly Carte Opera.**	S.
ST. JAMES'.	**After the Dance.**	Wed., Th.
SAVOY.	**Design for Living.**	Wed., Sat.
STRAND.	**The Gentle People.**	Th., Sat.

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To equip himself for this he saved up as much money as he could during four years' bush practice—the true horse and buggy days—and then departed to Berlin with wife and family, where he put in two years' study, working twelve hours a day without a break except for one day's illness, under Zeit, Waldeyer and Virchow.

He returned home equipped with five thousand microscope slides and a considerable experience both in the laboratory and the operating theatre. He was at once offered the Chair of Anatomy in one of the large universities, but, he says, "I was smart enough to know that the odour of saddle leather would never leave me." He returned to Kansas, a world where medicine was still primitive, although the working conditions of the doctors were somewhat alleviated by the coming of the motor car. There was no longer any need for him to spend weeks on end driving through mud and snow or blinding dust, snatching sleep as he went along, and arriving half frozen, or choked by dust and fatigue, to perform operations on kitchen tables, or on farmhouse doors taken from their hinges and laid on barrels under trees in the orchards. In spite of such conditions, he is able to boast that he rarely had cases of subsequent infection, and he says that this was due to the speed of operating. That is his repeated argument throughout the book.

He has a contempt for abstractions, and for mass methods. He believes that the doctor's science starts afresh with each patient. But that belief has not prevented him from collecting photographs and microscope slides of every possible case which has passed through his hands, nor of approaching each problem alert with humility. He never forgot the lesson of seeing Virchow, at eighty years of age, still going to the laboratory in the early morning and labelling the specimens with his own hands. Nor did he forget the old professor's words, "He who has never shed tears over his work does not know what it is to try."

RICHARD CHURCH

THE CAPITAL

Paris. By HENRI BIDOU. *Cape.* 15*s*.

It is questionable whether the coming summer holidays, if they come at all, will be either as long, or as restful, as is customary; but among those who intend to go abroad there are many, I presume, who will spend their time in, or near, Paris. Although this book is expensive, it is emphatically one they should buy. While the expert will be provided with days of unhackneyed pleasure by the exceptional lists of architectural remains of each consecutive period, the amateur, if he adds a good street map, will find a Paris—several Parises—that he never suspected. We have reached, moreover, a very strange and delicate moment in time. To say that Paris, more than any other city, symbolises what we mean by our culture, not only historically and visually, but in those qualities of bold and elegant thinking, of free self-knowing and living which are to be felt like exhalations in her air—to say this would, in quieter days, be superfluous. As things are, however, Paris holds buildings, objects, views, and modes and tones of existence which may not remain for our enjoyment much longer. It was destroyed by earlier Nazis roughly 1,700 years ago—the *beaux quartiers* were the Luxembourg Gardens of to-day; they became vineyards dedicated to Bacchus, later St. Benoit—and it cannot be too often remembered that their descendants may try to do it again. We should make the most of our time.

Paris is an immense volume, admirably translated by Mr. Lewis May. My only complaint concerns the almost complete absence of maps of the *Paris à travers les âges* kind among the otherwise numerous, and ingeniously chosen, illustrations. Monsieur Bidou, beginning with a geological description of the site, takes us from Lutetia through every architectural phase, and closes with news of street alterations that are as yet on paper. With his help, Paris can be conveniently explored in a series of circles which expand through history, so to speak, from the Ile de la Cité. This carefully collected evidence is brought to life by a racy, voluminous and constant flow of information on the drama, furniture, food, clothes, industries, morals, arts and sciences. I can do no more here than hint at one or two items from the author's huge and delicious repertory. Anecdotes abound, such as the charming fourteenth-century story of three ladies called Margue, Marie Clippe, and Tifaigne the *coifière*. On an icy winter's night, they ate and drank their money away. They ate and drank more, and all their clothes were seized. Naked, and singing, "*Amour au vireh m'en vais*," they danced out of the inn to faint of cold in the street, whereupon they were carted off for dead, and hastily buried. An hour or so later, feeling warmer, they struggled angrily out of their graves, flounced back to the inn, and began roaring for salted herrings and wine. One of the most enchanting descriptions of all is that of Henry II's State entry, in 1549, which was partly staged by Jean Goujon. There were the Crafts, with their banners, and the young burghers on horseback, the Children of Paris as they were called, "with their coats covered with pearls, and carrying Cupid's bow and arrows." Women leaned out of tapestried windows in hats of peacock's feathers, or of roses. At intervals on the royal route were trophies and triumphal arches made for the occasion by Goujon, one of which comprised a rhinoceros bearing an obelisk, itself surmounted by a statue of Bellona. (The author speaks of a little-known, mutilated but still beautiful fountain by Goujon which may be seen in the Marché des Innocents.) The notes on Madame de Rambouillet are particularly fascinating. Quite apart from the facts that she and Mlle. de Scudéry were the leading *Précieuses*, and that she probably invented the *salon*, it appears that in designing, in 1613, her own house, she revolutionised French domestic architecture and interior decoration. It was she who introduced tall rooms, big windows, strict symmetry, the "suite" of rooms, and "spaciousness" generally: she introduced the eighteenth century, as it were, at the beginning of the seventeenth, which was very French and reassuring of her. (Monsieur Bidou characteristically follows his remarks on the Hôtel de Rambouillet, destroyed under the Second Empire, with the present addresses of the best remaining houses, 1600–1650.) This book supplies one great reminder: Paris is where everything happens first. In the Feast of the Supreme Being, 20th Prairial, Year II, we have the first modern *fête*. Community singing, plain white dresses, nationalism, statues of Wisdom—it celebrated a most valuable forward step in modern civilisation, and yet one detects a whiff of much of to-day's horrors and nonsense. And there are never enough Goujons on the Left.

Some profoundly true remarks are quoted, from 1787, on cafés. If only London had followed suit:

> Since cafés had come into fashion, everyone going to them, whether he had work to do or not, and holding converse with the other people present . . . keeping his head if he had got one, everyone became a better member of society and seemed more polished, more urbane.

Unfortunately, I have no space for anything after the eighteenth century: Balzac, Zola and Aragon are quoted in useful profusion, which reminds me that I have another complaint, after all. For such a comprehensive volume, there are extraordinary omissions. Aragon is mentioned, but there is nothing about Gide, Cocteau, Valéry, Proust, Rilke or Mallarmé. *Bubu of Montparnasse* is hard to rival among modern stories of Paris, and one would have welcomed something on Philippe, too. But it is ungrateful to carp, and I will conclude with a reflection on p. 437, where there begins an account of fashionable Paris just before the war. From "Iribe's naked, unmounted stones" onwards, the similarity to to-day is appalling. Fashion seems to smell out disaster; it immediately repeats certain evolutions. There is an essay in it, for someone.

BRIAN HOWARD

EXCHANGE WITHOUT PRICE

Primitive Polynesian Economy. By RAYMOND FIRTH. *Routledge.* 15*s*.

Theories of economic evolution are often marred by quite serious misconceptions regarding the systems of production and exchange among primitive peoples. Concepts such as that of a "pre-economic" individual search for food on the one hand and primitive "communism" on the other are favourite themes. Nor is the anthropologist entirely blameless in this matter, early field-workers having been so struck by the differences between primitive systems and our own as to exaggerate such differences out of all proportion to the facts. Later field-workers have modified these points of view, but till now none has attempted to describe the activities of any single primitive community using the terminology of modern economics.

It is this useful task that Dr. Firth has set himself to carry out in his account of economic conditions in the small Polynesian island of Tikopia, in which he performs the dual service of (*a*) giving an extremely detailed description of the whole range of economic activities on this island such as food production and its relation to population, technical processes in agriculture and fishing and in the manufacture of useful articles, the labour

Holiday Suggestions

London and Midlands

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OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

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THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
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DEVON. Farmhouse accommodation. Quiet, homely. Borders of Exmoor. Webber, Batsworthy, Rackenford, Tiverton.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; stag-hunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing; Inclusive. Box 4773.

DEVON AND CORNWALL. Ideal Holiday Centres. Free illustrated brochure No. 25. Seaside and Country Guest Houses, Ltd., Dawlish.

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REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon, ideal. 2½–4 *gns.* Miss Foll (Northam 183).

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IDEAL surroundings. Caravan and sleeping lodge, near Hastings and Rye. Water, electricity, garage. Apply: B. S. T., Lordine Court, Ewhurst, Sussex.

CARAVAN. Quiet farm, Surrey. Own sanitation, fully equipped, spacious; 30*s.* p.w., July, Aug. Allen, 109 Abbey Rd. Mansions, N.W.8.

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SEAFORD. Miss Mitchell, Claremont House. (Seaford 3008.) Facing sea; h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Beautifully situated own grounds overlooking sea and downs. Golf adjacent. Excellent cooking. Garage. Young, Stonehenge, Chale.

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BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

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SUSSEX.—Delightfully rural. Healthy. Hour London. Attractive old house (modernised). Well-known among gentlefolk for comfort and cuisine. 3½–4 *gns.* Scottish Proprietress. Golf, Fishing, tennis, bowls. Chequers, Pulborough.

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SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures, tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W

West and Wales

CHELTENHAM SPA, in the heart of the incomparable Cotswold, and centre for tours to the Wye and Severn Valleys, Shakespeareland, &c. Endless entertainment. Sport for all. Illustrated Guide free from Dept. 8, Town Hall, Cheltenham. TRAVEL BY RAIL.

"HIGHTREE," Leintwardine, Bucknell, Salop. Ideally centralised for Herefordshire, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches. Trout fishing. Tariff on request.

PEMBROKESHIRE. To let, furnished house, modern conveniences. Overlooking sea. Accommodate seven. Jones, Brackenlea, Penally, Tenby.

ROSS-ON-WYE. Quiet, bracing, sunny situation. Excellent cuisine. Separate tables. Vi-spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. Miss Matthews, Galen Lodge.

PENALLY. Private Guest House, accom. 8 persons April to November. Special diets studied. Bron Llwyn, Penally, Tenby, Pem. 'Phone: Tenby 56.

West and Wales—continued

CONWAY. Gateway to Snowdonia. River, sea and mountains. Stay at Clemence's Criterion Hotel, Castle Street. Cosy divan rooms, 6*s.* 6*d.* with breakfast. Special en pension terms.

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ABERYSTWYTH. Ideal sea and country holidays. Beautiful situation. Modern. Mason, "Gwyldwr," Llanbadarn. 'Phone: 617.

PARENT'S HOLIDAYS. While you are away your children would be happy in a country house which, during the school holidays, is entirely given up to the well-being and happiness of children (over 9 years). Apply Box 5448.

North West

DON'T travel abroad this year! The new Pillar Hotel, Langdale Estate, nr. Ambleside, set amidst mountains woods and lakes, offers greater attractions. Squash rackets, tennis, swimming-pool. An ideal centre for climbing and fell walking. Write for brochure or telephone Grasmere 82.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "Victoria," leading hotel between Honiston Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. Pension from £4 5*s.*

LAKE DISTRICT. Chapel Ridding, Windermere. Large private house modernised for guests. Telephone: Windermere 285.

East and North East

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors Smith, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

COMBINE Cure with Holidays at HARROGATE. The invigorating moorland air, the many entertaining things to do and see are as much a part of the Cure as the natural healing waters. There are Cheap Monthly Returns by Rail. Guide, L. A. Wilshere, Information Bureau, Harrogate.

THAXTED, Essex. The Priory, XVII century guest house. Comfortable, modernised (central heating, electricity, telephone). Great historic interest. 2½ *guineas* weekly.

LOWESTOFT, Grand Hotel. Private sea front. Completely modern, excellent cuisine and service. Bathing, Tennis, Bowls, Dancing, Concerts. Garage. Fully lic., mod. inclus. terms. Brochure No. 31 from Secretary.

PARK HOUSE, Black Notley, Braintree, Essex 16th C. Guest House; quiet, informal. 6*s.* a day.

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EDINBURGH GUEST HOUSE. Central. Excellent cuisine. From 7*s.* 6*d.* nightly; from 63*s.* weekly. 45 Manor Place. Tel.: 204191.

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Small quiet, comfortable, modern. Terms from 13*s.* 6*d* per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

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SUTHERLANDSHIRE. Aylmer Vallance personally recommends comfortable croft lodgings, excellent cooking, running water h. and c., sea boat. Vacancies. July, August, September. Apply Mrs. Ross, Skerricha, Rhiconich, By Lairg.

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ACHILL ISLAND. Strand Hotel, Dugort, Mayo. Beautifully situated on finest bathing strand. Magnificent scenery. Hot and cold water. Fully licensed, fishing and shooting. Tom Sheridan, Proprietor.

ACHILL, West Ireland. Dugort Hotel, amidst magnificent cliff and mountain scenery; golden strands. Special reduction for families. Apply Miss Lavelle.

ACHILL ISLAND, West Ireland. Burke's Private Hotel, beside beautiful bathing strand; very fine mountain and cliff scenery. Moderate. Apply Postmistress, Dugort.

SOUTH-WEST Coast of Ireland. Small Guest House. Sailing, boating, bathing, fishing. Good food a speciality. White House, Castle Townshend, Co. Cork.

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WICKLOW MOUNTAINS. Unique situation. London 10 hours. Open moorland, sheltered gardens, good cooking; 18-hole golf course 5 mins. Young, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue.

Holiday Suggestions Continued on Page 67

situation and the various systems of exchange, and (*b*) analysing these so as to determine how far the processes can be stated in terms of modern economic theory and how far they cannot, pointing out at the same time to what extent such theoretical bases appear to need modification.

In doing this, however, Dr. Firth makes no sweeping generalisations regarding primitive economics as a whole. Thus he points out that while in the Melanesian island of Malekula not very far away there is an elaborate system of interest on loans (these being in the form of tusked boars returnable in kind with due allowance made for growth during the period of the loan), in Tikopia the media of exchange are different and no such interest is demanded. So also, in this small community with a population of little more than 1,200 living on an island less than three miles square and seventy miles from the nearest land, there are no markets comparable to those found even among quite primitive peoples elsewhere. On the other hand, the Tikopia share with all primitive peoples the intimate connection between economic and social obligation that is perhaps one of the main features which, together with a lack of price mechanism, distinguish early stages of culture from our own.

In this way an immense amount of economic activity takes place under the guise of reciprocal gifts between relatives and is intimately bound up with the whole kinship structure. Elaborate exchanges take place also during the mourning rites for dead kin. Thus the modern concept of maximisation of satisfactions cannot be maintained unless what economists are pleased to call " irrational " values independent of the actual value of a given object are admitted as valid, as they certainly are in a society in which every member is personally connected with every other, and human contacts have to endure and cannot lapse after the immediate economic relationship has ended. On the other hand, the concept of capital exists in embryonic form in the stocks of bark-cloth and other goods accumulated for exchange and distribution on ceremonial occasions, working capital being represented by such things as canoes used for fishing. Centralised control directed towards the preservation of foodstuffs is exercised by the elected chief by means of tabus and other devices.

Such positive measures are balanced by what would appear to us to be purely destructive ones, such as the felling of fruit trees or the burning of a seaworthy canoe during mourning. But these also produce satisfaction of a type that could not be had without possessions, and are no less rational than the burning of wheat and coffee that forms part of our own modern economic practice while masses of our population lack food. Dr. Firth, however, has no political axe to grind and has no more brief for the noble savage than for the modern capitalist. One of the great merits of this valuable book, as of all his work, is the balanced lucidity with which he sets forth a difficult problem without bias and in language which, while technical, is never obscure.

JOHN LAYARD

THE DONG

The Duchess of Popocatapetl. By W. J. TURNER. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Volume three of Mr. Turner's lighter-than-air autobiography. What's he talking about? God knows. Who are Airbubble and Blow? God only knows. This, like the other volumes, is a froth of talk, talk disembodied, effervescent and dotty. Blow goes to Persia and several chapters relate his adventures there; he goes to Cambridge; he goes to the War; and ends up in Bloomsbury. Here a number of people are introduced into the story under their own names, Sullivan and James Stephens (both admirably described), Sassoon, Hodgson, Eliot, Clifford Sharp, etc. Henry Blow is a queer person all round, particularly in his relations with women, whom he seems to know better in a line of verse than in life. Here is his description of himself—oh no, it is about Airbubble :

> " You hear, in those curious and delightful dialogues, the voice of Airbubble as he speaks to you across the dinner-table, as he utters, slowly, hesitatingly, on a note of something like perplexity, his odd, paradoxical, comments about life. It is to the living Airbubble that you are listening here, and the Airbubble of everyday intercourse, propounding, with that inimitable mixture of *blague* and seriousness, the most startling propositions about art and ethics, religion, passion, love." This was written by Aldous Huxley. . . .

But was it? Wasn't it rather by Turner? Or by Blow, or Airbubble? Or all three? I have never yet read an argument of Turner's which I knew whether to take seriously or not. He is quite capable of believing that the earth is flat, that *Cosi fan tutte* contains the tragic truth about women, that he could make money out of betting if he only had it to put on. Anyone with more intuition and less knowledge of life it would be difficult to come across. One of his delusions, which he is fond of retailing over dinner (for manner of delivery, see above) is that he is the typical Englishman. He is particularly fond of this gambit with foreigners, Then why does one read him, why listen to him? Well, I suppose. somewhere the truth is there; in his boots perhaps. Not quite the truth, though; oh dear, no. But the wildest nonsense in the world. The sort of nonsense you'll find in Lear, with a tragedy of its own. He has the startling imagination of a good poet. I have often looked hard at Turner while he was spouting away, wondering if he were the Dong with the Luminous Nose. Yes, I think, after this book, he must be. G. W. S.

MAGIC

The Ship That Flew. By HILDA LEWIS. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

It is rather good in ways and magical. The magic stuff goes in ups and downs; first it's a bit boring then magical, then boring and so on. There are four chief characters—that is John, Humphrey, Sandy and Sheila and I think it must be almost true. They are middle-class children and rather arguesome. It's difficult to tell the difference between the two girls but the boys are quite different and the whole lot are interesting.

It's the sort of book that is a bit too exciting. You almost don't want to read the next page in case something terrible happens. The sort of thing that happens is that they go to Asgard where the Roman gods live and one time they went to the Middle Ages. This part is the best part for telling you about history. (If you are a parent reading this, tell your child it's in the time of the Feudal System because it doesn't tell you this in the book and he mightn't know.)

The only big picture is the frontispiece but there are lots of others in the book only they don't have a say underneath, but that oughtn't to stop you from buying it.

GILBERT BAKER (*ætat* 7)

Gloucestershire : SHELL GUIDE. By ANTHONY WEST. *Faber.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

These Shell Guides are a model of the descriptive guide. Well-annotated, well-mapped, superbly illustrated, they are a good advertisement (as they are intended to be) for the literary department of Shell. Mr. West devotes most of his space to Cheltenham and the less-known parts of Gloucestershire. His chief fault is, indeed, that he ignores Bristol, and there is little of the Cotswolds. No doubt they have been too much written about, but we should have been glad to read of them again from a pen so fresh as Mr. West's. What he does include, though, is excellent. His brief description of Cheltenham, in which he rebuts the usual charge of Victorian stuffiness and praises the lovely squares and Georgian houses so many visitors miss, is brief, vivid and very much to the point. It is agreeable, too, to find the George Hotel at Mitcheldean photographed here. It is, as Mr. West says, the most striking public-house in the county. The illustrations of Cheltenham are particularly well chosen and include an old bill of the Fly Waggons plying between Cheltenham and London.

Wyndham Lewis the Artist. From Blast to Burlington House. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Laidlaw.* 15*s.*

Surveying the battlefield on which, for the last quarter of a century, he has been fighting for art in England against the forces of apathy and antiquarianism, Mr. Wyndham Lewis sees himself worsted—England has always been an unsafe home for the Artist. Now it is, says Mr. Lewis, less healthy than ever. If art is not to die out altogether, it must win the favour of the public in a less strange guise. Mr. Lewis has, in fact, adopted a policy of appeasement, for to him it is axiomatic that the public is essential to the artist (or is that only the excuse that Mr. Wyndham Lewis the writer makes to Mr. Wyndham Lewis the Artist, for using his time in writing?)

So " Super-nature " is launched instead. " Nature," so that it shall be recognisable to the public, and " Super " just to make it more attractive. Times are desperate, and Mr. Lewis demands a united front. This implies the capitulation of the abstractists. Messrs. Moore, Sutherland and Nicholson are to join forces with Messrs. Matthew Smith and Pitchforth, and refrain from frightening the man in the street. But this is not merely a tactical measure, nor a retreat. Mr. Lewis can give the command " Back to Nature " without losing ground, or marching back to impressionism. The discipline of an abstract period is not to be forgotten, nor are the words he wrote in defence of vorticism to be counted out of date.

Here they are, prefaced by a new pamphlet, collected together, from *Blast*, *The Caliph's Design* and *The Tyro.* This volume shows him a perceptive and brilliant critic, quick to see the monotony of cubism,

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS ABROAD

—continued from page 65

VISIT Corsica this year! All-in tour with 1 week in Corsica (inc. 3 full-day motor excursions comprising full circuit of island) and 1 week in Nice (with various free facilities) and short stay in Paris. Comfortable hotels, good food. A tour full of interest and wild beauty at the amazing price of £14 17*s.* 6*d.* for 16 days. Party leaves London, Aug. 12. Numbers limited. Write early for details to Prospect Tours, Ltd., 115 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

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SWITZERLAND, SCHWYZ. Hotel Sonnenberg for sunshine, health and pleasure Excellent cookery, all diets. Unrivalled view. Typical Swiss countryside. Trips arranged. Terms from £2 15*s.* per. week. All inclusive.

NEAR DIEPPE, Grand Hotel, Berneval-s.-Mer. Picturesque country, bathing, sands, tennis. Good food. Pension 45–60 *frs.* Personal recommendation. Telephone: Berneval 1.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7*s.* inclusive.

SWITZERLAND, LUGANO. Hotel Quisisana for every comfort. Beautiful gardens. Excellent cuisine. All diets. Swimming-pool. Terms 9–12 Sw. Francs.

SPECIALIST SUMMER TOURS TO U.S.S.R. for Lawyers, Educationists, Students, Doctors. Dates and prices from: Society for Cultural Relations, 98 Gower Street, London, W.C.1. (EUSton 2315.)

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs.* daily; special monthly terms.

MOUNTAINEERING. One or two people wanted to join young couple climbing in Bernese Oberland with guide, from Aug. 3rd to 13th. Cost £6 exc. fare. Write 23a Elder Ave., N.8.

SOUTH OF FRANCE. JOIN SMALL GROUP GOING TO CASSIS-SUR-MER, unspoilt fishing village. Bathing, basking, open-air cafés. Fortnight beginning Aug. £15. Box 5370.

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LOVELY furnished Cottage. Garden, garage, outdoor san., electricity. Quiet village. Suit two. CAUTLEY, North Lopham, Diss, Norfolk.

BUCKS. Cottage to let, partly furnished; year or longer; 3 bedrooms, all modern conveniences; near London bus route. Box 5555.

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MODERN furnished self-contained flat to let opposite Balliol College. Write Miss Fraser, Boswell House, Broad Street, Oxford.

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IS it possible? An inoffensively furnished room with progressive people; near city; moderate terms. Write Box 5590.

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SINGLE divan room, overlooking river; small private family. Meals as required. Putney 4348.

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LARGE furnished studio room, white walls, overlooking secluded garden. Private house. Kitchen. £1; or double. Primrose 6534.

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GROUP ACCOMMODATION

LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nottingham Place, W.1.

PERSONAL

WILL a kind-hearted reader loan two or three rooms to Austrian refugee, living on small allowance, for summer months (longer if possible). Excellent references offered. Box 5532.

FOR those who are not quite able to deal with normal life, a real home with understanding and experienced care, on psychological lines is offered in beautiful country house.—Drs. references. Box 5476.

SECONDARY School Teacher (first class Honours Zoology, 16 years' experience) seeks another woman willing and competent to share her work and salary to alleviate unemployment. Reply Box 5587.

HOSPITALITY (country) wanted for three weeks August for young, educated refugee lady. LUSTIG, 35 Matheson Road, London, W.14.

PARENTS, Vienna, will STARVE, unless GUARANTOR found. Who will help? Write SMRCKA, 11 Hemyock Road, Birmingham, 29.

JEWISH couple in Germany in great plight, seek situation as servants; wife excellent cook and housekeeper. Box 5577.

SWEDISH. Beginner requires lessons, evenings only. Write MISS JOHNSTONE, 180 Sussex Gardens. London, W.2.

RUSSIAN tuition, in all branches, by trained, experienced native lady teacher. London references. Central. Box 5248.

WILL some kind family give home to intelligent Czech girl of 11. Telch, 11 Westend Court, Priory Road.

WOUNDED INTERNATIONAL BRIGADER, 26 Matric. (Hon. Eng.), typing, some Spanish, desires sedentary employment of a literary nature. Box 5546.

GIRL urgently requires another share Bloomsbury flat, school-terms only. Arrangements completed. Box 5554.

HOSPITALITY for young student (Chem.) refugee, English references, for few months. Box 5557.

WANTED: *au pair* work for summer months. Excellent lady companion to invalid or infirm lady requiring massage. Will act as lady-help or look after children. Box 5558.

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Met as keen smokers of TOM LONG.

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FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few weeks.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Slater, or Miss Canney, M.B.E., 36 Red Lion Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 63

the superficiality of Futurism, the devitalising effect of Picasso, of the "amusing," of "good taste" and maliciously happy in his labels. It shows him also stiffnecked from turning his face from the past, insensitive to painting for its own sake, urgent, in the English Puritan tradition, for progress and worthy subject-matter. His views did not bind him to Vorticism. All he was bound to was Life and the Future. An interpretation of Life in terms of the future meant, in 1914, Man, in terms of the Machine, but there is no reason why Nature should not now replace it.

BOOKS TO COME

The most recent phase of Mr. Middleton Murry's political thought will be illuminated by a new book, *The Defence of Democracy,* to be published by Cape on July 21st. Describing himself rather questionably as "nothing more than an average Englishman," he has set out to define modern democracy and discover means for its defence. A critical examination of Communist theory leads him to the conclusion that orthodox Marxism is inadequate to modern problems whose solution lies rather in a synthesis between Socialism and Christianity with the Church of England as the instrument of salvation.

Cape will also publish on the same day a further instalment of selections from Kilvert's Diary, edited and introduced by William Plomer. The first volume was one of the most curious and delightful of last year's books. In the present volume, which covers a longer stretch of time than its predecessor, the Rev. Francis Kilvert leaves the Wye Valley for Wiltshire and records visits to many other places, including London and Bath. At the beginning, he is much occupied with a love affair, but he retains the same extraordinarily vivid interest in everything he sees and particularly in the young and beautiful. There are sidelights on local history and customs, children, dreams, seaside nudism and current events. The third and final volume of the Diary will be published next year.

Two books appearing this month deal with what may be called the undemocratic influences which affect British politics. *Who Are the Tories?* is the title of a tract for the times to be published by Gollancz on July 17th. The authors, a lady and gentlemen who guard themselves from reprisals under the pseudonym Simon Haxey, give practical advice to local Labour workers on how to discover the relevant personal facts about the Conservative M.P.s in the various constituencies. They have made an intensive inquiry into the extra-parliamentary activities of Government M.P.s—their directorships, personal interests in industry, the suppression of democracy and the exploitation of colonial peoples, and their methods of seeking to influence public opinion.

The other book, *King, Lords and Gentlemen,* is an examination of the social influence in our Government by Karl Heinz Abshagen, a German newspaper correspondent who has worked in this country for many years. The author discusses the influence which the King and the Court may exercise on politics; the importance in our political system of the great families and the public schools; and the nature of the Church of England "for gentlemen." Herr Abshagen is writing mainly for his own countrymen. It is interesting to observe that he regards our curious system, not as a misfortune or a joke, but as a great national asset—something which nothing but the loss of a major war can overthrow.

Nine years ago, D'Arcy Cresswell, the New Zealand poet who received his first encouragement from Arnold Bennett, published *The Poet's Progress,* in which he described his experiences as a door-to-door salesman of his own poetry. Since then he has been living in a shanty by the sea in New Zealand "resurrecting the true Universe." The result of this resurrection will be made manifest in *Present Without Leave,* an account of his life in England and New Zealand during the last ten years, which will be published by Cassell on July 20th.

In *The Case Against Japan,* to be published by Jarrolds on July 20th, Mr. Charles R. Shepherd, using as evidence Japanese sources and statements, sets forth the facts of Japanese aggression in China, including the attempt to bring about the economic and moral collapse of the country through systematic smuggling and the encouragement of the opium habit. Mr. Shepherd became Professor of History at Graves Theological Seminary in Canton in 1913 and has been a student of Oriental affairs for a quarter of a century. During 1936, he was in Shanghai, Canton, Nanking and Peiping and met many of the Chinese leaders.

An unusual novel of Chinese life, *Lotus Blossom,* written by an authority on the country who conceals his identity under the pseudonym George Lancing, will be published by Robert Hale this week. The story centres round the Dowager Empress of China and is stated to be remarkable for the correctness of its detail. Mr. Lancing, who speaks Chinese and has spent many years in China, has had access to scenes and properties not usually exhibited.

Nelsons are publishing on July 19th five new books in their Discussion Series, price 2*s.* each: *The Monroe Doctrine and World Peace,* by Evarts Scudder; *Economics for Democrats,* by Geoffrey Crowther; *Science and Civilisation,* by A. C. Bernard Lovell; *The World's Open Spaces,* by George H. T. Kimble; and *The Nature of Dreams,* by A. J. J. Ratcliff.

The Corporate State in Action: Italy Under Fascism, by Carl Schmidt, comes from Gollancz on July 17th.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

Week-end Competitions

No. 488

Set by Sam Smiles

The enforced intimacy about to be inflicted upon Militiamen is likely to prove embarrassing at first to members of our far from classless society. The usual prizes are offered for five hints to the over-educated and five hints to the under-educated upon how not to offend each other's sensibilities. I want people to talk sense.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 14th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 486

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for answers (in not more than 250 words) to the following questions: What man, or woman, in the past would you most like to have been, and why?

Report by Raymond Mortimer

This has proved far the most interesting competition that I have had to report on. R. S. Jaffray plumped for Nobody: "Without my own conception of things, I will not judge whose life was most admirable or fortunate." But most competitors accepted the invitation to daydream. It is reasonable, I think, to wish to have been a great genius, since imaginative power brings a richness of interior life such as one can only dimly guess at from the work in what it has, very incompletely, been expressed. But most men of genius have not, I think, been contented—consider Shakespeare, Michelangelo, and Beethoven. Possibly saints have been the most enviable, St. John of the Cross or St. Catherine of Genoa. But if I had been a competitor, I should have plumped for Titian or Rubens. The older they grew, the better they painted, they deserved all the success they enjoyed, and their pictures reveal both gusto and serenity. Oddly, no painters were chosen. Among those selected were Bluebeard, King Solomon (Wisdom, Wealth and Wives), Yasodhara (the wife of Buddha), Socrates, Julius Caesar (whose murder the competitor surprisingly attributes to Mark Antony), St. John, the Beloved Disciple, Simonetta (Botticelli's model), Shakespeare, Bunyan, Gilbert White, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, William Cole (of the Blechely Diary), Lincoln, Talleyrand, Napoleon, Byron, Shelley, Dickens, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Livingstone, Palmerston, Gordon, Jack London and Mme. Curie. Several competitors wished to be reincarnated in the past in order to change the course of history. Thus H. P. Redhead wishes to have been Adam, to do the great service to mankind, to prevent it—"not by abstention, but by birth-control."

And if Martin Walsh had been Richard Cromwell, he would have prevented the Restoration and all the disorders due to our kings. An interesting choice is G. Hinchliffe's Quartermaster in H.M.S. *Goliath* at the Battle of Aboukir, who performed a decisive action in a decisive battle. Craven A.B.C. chose the Unknown Soldier, E. Davis the Wandering Jew, A. B. "My Grandmother—I hear she was so much like me," Cyduba chose Roget, the compiler of the *Thesaurus,* Encolpius picked Dossonville. Eric A. Lumed plumped for the Marquis de Sade: "What is the use of being born a Balzac, a Peter the Great, a Goya, a Brunel? Every century produces a dozen of this type. But the human race has nurtured only one de Sade." A. P. Perrin, very eloquently, deserves to have been Tamerlane. I wish I had space to quote his reasons. L.M.S. Ridling, Charles Furback and J. C. B. Date were specially good. Medicus gives good reason for Lord Lister, and E. S. P. Haynes makes the same choice even better.

Here are two amusing entries:

I'd change places willingly with
Sydney Smith
in order to make a hit
with his wit,
(though I'd rather commit arson
than be a parson).

ALLAN M. LAING

I would not care to be any one person who lived in the past.
Had I the opportunity to make a composite man I would be:
(*a*) The blind Milton,
(*b*) The deaf Beethoven,
(*c*) The infamous Oscar Wilde,
(*d*) The generous Santa Claus.
Thus should none of my friends know me, and I should acquire peace.

DUMDUK

FIRST PRIZE

For the purpose of this competition I exclude mental or physical suffering. I should not, for instance, like to have been Byron or Mozart, for the creative pleasure of a great artist is small compensation for ostracism or poverty. Jane Austen, Edward Gibbon, and Goethe are perhaps excellent examples of intellectual enjoyment and achievement; but they all lived in days of physical discomfort when illness and death were particularly distressing. Thus to die of cancer as Jane Austen did, without modern opiates, must have been dreadful, and even in the golden days of the Roman Empire the sanitary arrangements must have been repulsive.

These considerations exclude anyone born much before 1850, though no doubt a man with excellent physique like Goethe lived and died pretty comfortably. I should like to have been Walter Bagehot, whose financial and literary work was appreciated from the moment he started on it; but his death (though comfortable) in 1877 was premature, for he was only fifty years of age.

Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer were fortunate in serene achievement but suffered respectively from chronic nausea, acute dyspepsia, and neurotic anxiety. Sir Frederick Pollock, who died in 1937, had the happiest life personally known to me both as regards physical health and intellectual achievement. He was indifferent to recognition, e.g., he only took silk when almost compelled to it by Lord Birkenhead (the Lord Chancellor).

But I think I should have preferred to have been Lord Lister more than anyone else, to have won all the battles of youth (when one enjoys them), and to die with the knowledge that one had done more than anyone else to preserve the human race from the putrefaction and gangrene which made amputation or any major operation almost impossible.

E. S. P. HAYNES

SECOND PRIZE (*a*)

For me, TALLEYRAND.

I envy a palate for living cultivated, like his, in that most exquisite of civilisations, the Paris salons before 1789; a life lived through the France of Louis XVI to that of Louis-Philippe; above all, an intelligence that enabled him not only to keep his own clerical and aristocratic head from the Jacobins but to accomplish the impossible by reining-in Napoleon's; and, at the Congress of Vienna, to outwit the rest of Europe's diplomatists put together: an intelligence so superb that, whilst it rendered him the most formidable statesman for half a century, guarded him at the same time from any of the dire fevers of megalomania. I envy, too, his personal charm, a by word in two continents, that ensured for him the devotion of talented and beautiful women throughout his long life. Myself, I cannot hope either to live, as did Talleyrand, to eighty-four years of age or, if I did, to enthrall a charmer like Dorothea de Dino to my senility. Then again, how, since Samuel Smiles, shall I hope for Talleyrand's eminence by adopting his famous method: "Surtout, pas de zèle"? In an existence of fussing mediocrity, how enviable to me is Talleyrand's accomplishing lethargy!

To have been so effortlessly a master in Europe for so long, to have been able to read Lamartine with relish at sixty, and to have been able yet to infatuate a beautiful girl when one is eighty—is not this to have been the most enviable of men?

E. H. BEDWELL

SECOND PRIZE (*b*)

THE MAN I WOULD MOST LIKE TO HAVE BEEN

When I first answered the question as a boy, I wrote that I would wish to be "Me, but a different me." The same principle guides my choice now.

First I would wish to have great manual dexterity—to know that what I gave my hands to do would be done accurately and surely. I would be a skilled craftsman.

I would like to have a link, however thin, with the present me—the same birthplace, name, school, or county.

I would like to have lived in the Revolutionary Romantic Age when life seemed twice as real and three times as natural.

The work I would do would be clear and simple, earthy and human, skilful and profound, and I would serve man with personal integrity, in nothing being bogus. Not for me a publican, poet or politician.

I should like to have something named after me: An island, a public house, a type of man, a vehicle, a process, a dress, an -ism, a beacon, a biscuit.

Very well then! for you can't have everything and I would wish to have been imperfect:

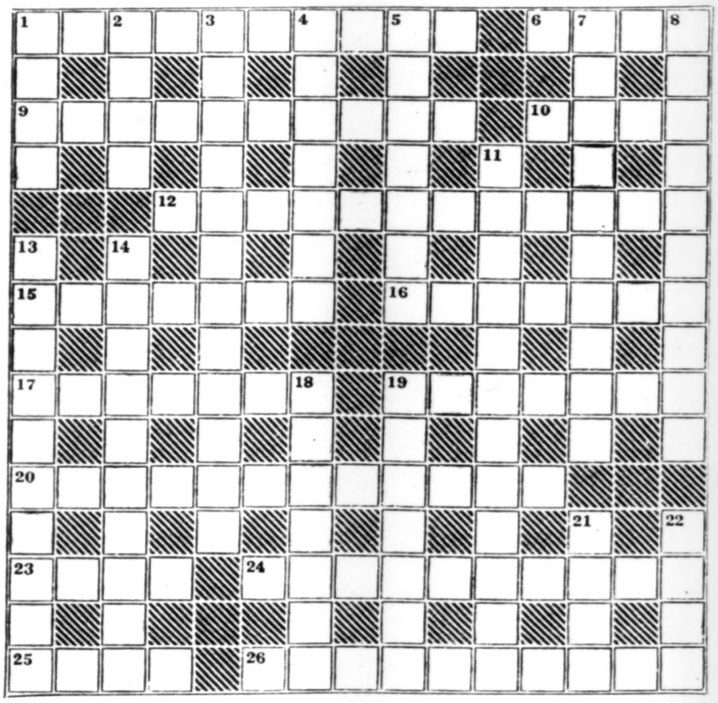
JOHN ABERNETHY; surgeon; at Christ's Hospital 1813; born 1764, died 1831; simple, profound and true.

He gives, and takes, the biscuit.
(BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT!)

JOHNNY DOG. (Address please.)

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 487

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Waters, Medfa, Kingston Hill, Surrey

ACROSS

1. The corn-fed horse would set out with it. (10)
6. It must make a difference. (4)
9. Quiet breaking-up. (10)
10. Comparatively single. (4)
12. They show, by the way, when you need a refill. (12)
15. Spring - cleaning description of Dummy? (7)
16. They close at the time signal. (7)
17. How steep the Air Force way is? (7)
19. It is slightly different in Leeds. (7)
20. Not a blow in the chest. (12)
23. In this way the Briton at home cannot go right. (4)
24. One who goes in for repealing Acts. (10)
25. Beginning of a rum chant. (4)
26. The reverse of a knock-up. (10)

DOWN

1. The result of summer lightening perhaps. (4)
2. Friendly direction to Tom Brown. (4)
3. A "pub crawl"? (12)
4. One way to mix a batter. (7)
5. Pugilists have hired it no doubt. (7)
7. When men get old they rise a different way. (10)
8. Goes off to the side shows? (10)
11. Once the cause of endless mice. (12)
13. Fair song. (10)
14. A bit of a track perhaps. (10)
18. "Who dotes, yet doubts, ——s, yet strongly loves." (7)
19. She was a fatal draw on the river. (7)
21 (rev.). Indicated possibly by "a sound of revelry by night." (4)
22. Jenny the architect. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

▨	C	O	R	R	E	S	P	O	N	D	E	N	T	▨
▨	▨	R	▨	E	▨	I	▨	U	▨	I	▨	I	▨	▨
J	O	G	T	R	O	T	▨	T	R	E	E	T	O	P
U	▨	A	▨	E	▨	T	▨	S	▨	H	▨	W	▨	E
M	A	N	T	A	L	I	N	I	▨	A	R	I	E	S
P	▨	D	▨	D	▨	N	▨	D	▨	R	▨	T	▨	T
E	L	I	▨	▨	▨	G	R	E	E	D	▨	▨	▨	▨
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A	▨	A	▨	K	▨	A	▨	A	▨	P	▨	O	▨	R
M	A	N	X	C	A	T	▨	L	E	A	R	N	E	R
E	▨	E	▨	A	▨	E	▨	E	▨	S	▨	E	▨	E
S	C	R	A	P	E	▨	▨	▨	A	S	T	R	I	D

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKETS AND A.P.D.—CEMENT OUTLOOK—GOLD LOSSES

THE failure of the L.C.C. issue caused almost a slump in the gilt-edged market and indeed plunged the entire Stock Exchange temporarily into gloom. This £7½ millions issue of 3½ per cent. stock at 96½ was only 93¾ per cent. subscribed and opened at 2½ to 2 discount. It was followed by another failure—that of the £1½ millions issue of Wessex Electricity 3¾ per cent. stock at 96, of which 94 per cent. was left with underwriters. This stock opened at 1¾ discount. As a result, 3½ per cent. War Loan came down to 93 and it required the false report of a Russian agreement to restore the gilt-edged market to its former level. That the improvement should have continued after the Russian agreement had been denied can only be explained by the covering of "bears." Short-selling and covering are responsible for a great deal of the recent fluctuations in prices. The industrial share markets recovered on Wednesday under the lead of gilt-edged, and home railways were particularly strong on another batch of excellent traffics. Even oil shares tried to throw off their depression. A feature was the jump in African and Eastern 12 per cent. preferred ordinary from 11*s*. to 15*s*. on the announcement that Unilever had made an offer to acquire the whole of the issued capital, the terms being particularly favourable to the shareholders of African and Eastern. Unilever matched this rise with a fall of 1*s*. 6*d*. to 34*s*. Distillers provided some temporary excitement at the beginning of the week by rising to 100*s*. on the announcement that in addition to the regular dividend of 15 per cent. the directors were proposing a capital bonus of two new ordinary shares for every five held. Apart from these momentary rises the industrial share markets have remained lifeless—paralysed by A.P.D. uncertainties as much as by the international crisis. I heard to-day of the case of one company, transformed from a private to a public company in 1937, which, under A.P.D., will be treated as a new company and allowed only a percentage on its effective capital instead of a profit standard. This absurdity, unless the A.P.D. is changed, will probably put it out of business.

The more the Finance Bill's A.P.D. clauses undergo the process of elucidation in Committee, the less intelligible become the principles on which the tax is based. It is now explained that it will apply to practically all Government defence contracts and sub-contracts. It will be imposed on profits earned in supplying under such contracts not merely processed armaments but food (whose inclusion Mr. Burgin tried vainly, and astonishingly, to oppose) and most raw materials. Coal, gas and electric power, however, will be excluded for the simple reason that the proportion devoted to defence contracts can hardly be determined, though why oil should be treated less favourably than coal, I find it hard in equity to understand. Equally difficult is it to make sense of the limitation in the scope of the tax to business arising solely from British Government orders. Armaments contracts with foreign Governments (presumably even if they are paid for out of Treasury loans) are to be immune. So are supplies of A.R.P. material to local authorities, individuals and firms, even though the last-named have placed their contract at the instance of the Government. These distinctions are absurd and will remain so, even if the Minister of Supply lends a sympathetic ear to the representations of the F.B.I. and softens the incidence of the levy. The F.B.I. would naturally like to have 1937 allowed as the "standard" year, and provision made for rebate of tax if profits fail to attain standard level in any year in which the tax is in force. These concessions are unlikely to be secured; but the industrialists are on stronger ground in arguing that in a period of abnormal expansion proportionately high depreciation of assets should be allowed in profits assessments.

* * *

Cement companies should not be greatly affected by A.P.D. The Civil Defence Bill foreshadowed additional expenditures which will be a great boon to the cement trade. For example, it obliges the owners of all factories, mines and commercial firms employing 50 persons or more to provide air raid shelters for their workers. It is estimated that these and other expenditures on A.R.P. necessitated by the Civil Defence Bill will amount to £60 to £80 millions. Some of the work has already been done, but the bulk remains to be executed, and in view of the fact that the steel industry is already operating near to its capacity of 14 million tons a year (this year's output will be around 13,400,000 tons) the main demand for constructional materials will fall on the cement manufacturers. In fact, I have seen a mention of 90 per cent. as the proportion of concrete to the total material required in A.R.P. works. Last year there was some decline in the domestic consumption of cement and in the four months ending April, 1939, consumption was 3.5 per cent. lower than in the corresponding period of 1938. But the decline is lessening and in June it is estimated that there will have been an increase in consumption as compared with the previous year. The industry is now working at about 70 per cent. of capacity. As regards profit margins, the situation is not unfavourable. Coal is usually contracted for a year ahead. Wages have just been increased and are likely to remain stable for another 12 months. Cement prices have recently been reduced by 1*s*. per ton, but this appears to have been offset by the cuts in the discount and haulage allowances to merchants. The share market may have discounted the improved outlook, but cement shares should become a good purchase in the next crisis when prices fall away.

	1939		Present	Div.	Gross
	High	Low	Price	%	Yield %
Associated Portland Cement	78/1½	58/9	64/-	20	£6 5 0
British Portland Cement	83/9	66/10½	76/3	22½	5 18 0
Tunnel do., 10/- ..	44/9	32/3	38/-	22½	5 18 6

I prefer British Portland, partly because it has no export trade (unlike Associated) and partly because it has a better distribution of plant than Tunnel, and therefore less of a war risk.

* * *

The City had not expected the half-yearly Treasury statement to reveal quite such a severe drop in the official stocks of gold. Valued at 148*s*. 6*d*. an ounce, the combined Bank of England and Exchange Account holding of monetary gold fell between September, 1938, and March, 1939, by £138 millions, bringing the aggregate loss in twelve "crisis" months to £293 millions. Movements since March last have not been considerable, and the stocks then held—£368 millions in the Exchange Account and £226 millions in the Bank of England—are an amply sufficient backing for the circulation now that volatile foreign balances have been so largely withdrawn from London.

"Well Saved!"

Well saved indeed, from serious physical deterioration and misery. She is one of the 121,378 little ones for whom the N.S.P.C.C. intervened last year—one of the host of nearly 5,000,000 children benefited by the society since its inception. By advice and by persuasion the N.S.P.C.C. has helped not only the children but, for their sake, has established harmony in countless homes.

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★ *You can play a part as an "Annual Member" subscribing 20/- a year or as a "Life Member" for a contribution of £10. Write to Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.1*

PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT

Company Meeting

THE METAL BOX COMPANY LTD.

Mr. F. N. HEPWORTH'S ADDRESS

The Annual General Meeting of The Metal Box Company Limited was held on June 30th at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

Mr. F. N. Hepworth (Chairman) said that there had been a reduction in net profit last year of about £15,000, but having regard to the recession in trade early in the year, followed by the international crisis, the final profit of £316,368 was satisfactory.

The Directors recommended a repetition of last year's final ordinary dividend of 10 per cent. and the bonus of 2½ per cent. The total undivided profits and reserves of the company and its subsidiaries now amounted to £1,264,181.

The consolidated balance-sheet showed an excess of current assets over current liabilities and provisions of £1,580,093, the ratio being over 3 to 1.

Progress During The Year

Since last year, extensions had been completed at the factories at Newcastle and Hull. The Company was now engaged in the re-equipment of its Carlisle Tin Printing Department; in extending its Hackney factory; and in building a new factory at Bombay, where business was rapidly expanding.

The central organisation had again received continuous consideration and adjustment to changing circumstances. Opportunity had also been taken to strengthen the Company's overseas associations through personal visits by Directors.

The Company's research department, which had its headquarters at Acton in one of the most modern laboratories, had, in addition to long-range investigations, proved of great service in connection with manufacturing problems. In conjunction with this phase of scientific work, the Company also had a technical development department at head office, which reviewed new ideas and processes related to the Company's wide interests. The company is thus thoroughly equipped to deal constructively with the constant flow of fresh thought that its reputation for progress attracts from widespread spheres.

Emergency Measures

Special consideration had been given to the problems arising out of the present disturbed state of world affairs. The national effort towards preparedness had had great repercussions upon the company because war in the past had always meant a great increase in the use of tin containers. Since 1918 British canning had been developed and now covered a wide range of food products. Undoubtedly it could do much to safeguard supplies if given sufficient guidance by the authorities.

In addition, Metal Box Company's products were varied and useful and its equipment could readily be turned to other purposes. The Chairman urged the need to plan now for a continuation of production during war-time. The Directors took a serious view of their responsibility. Factories had been equipped for the protection of employees. 1,400 employees had been trained in first aid, fire fighting and gas decontamination, etc. The Chairman paid tribute to the ready way in which people had volunteered to do this work, often at personal inconvenience. Plans had been made in the Company's 21 factories to provide alternative sources of manufacture for main products so as to minimise the effects of dislocation. The Company had also been able to render advice and guidance on the storage of food reserves in individual homes. The importance of the British canning industry in the event of a national emergency could not be overestimated.

The Company's practice of granting its employees extra leave without prejudice to holidays or pay for Territorial service had been extended to cover longer periods of training.

Provision for Further Capital

To give further working capital to finance the purchase of additional trading stocks—which were reduced last year by nearly £200,000—and to provide for other developments in view, the Company had decided to offer to ordinary stockholders one new ordinary share at a price of £2 10*s*. in respect of each £7 of stock held on the 15th June. It may perhaps be regarded as an expression of the Directors' confidence in the business that they had taken this step at this time. A resolution was passed to increase the authorised capital of the Company to £3,000,000 by the creation of an additional 3,000,000 ordinary shares of £1 each.

The Chairman paid a tribute to the work of the Staff which under difficult conditions had played its part in making the year under review a successful one.

The Accounts were adopted.

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10 FOR 6½D 20 FOR 1/0½D
50 FOR 2/7½D
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